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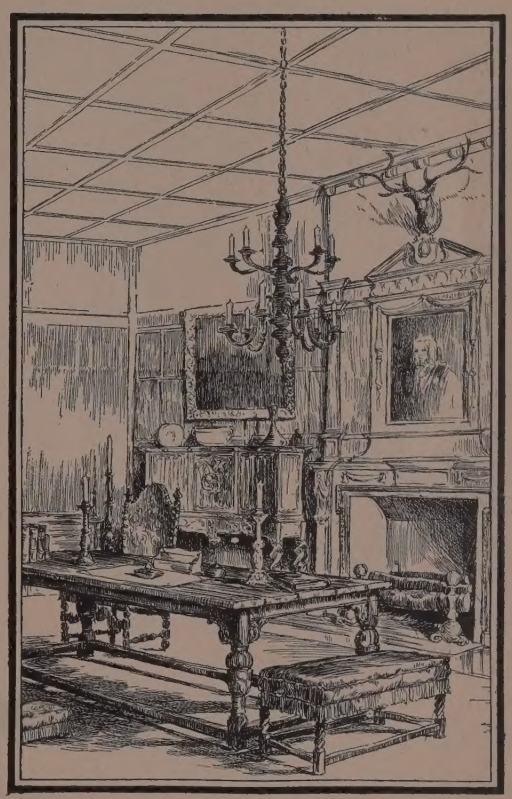
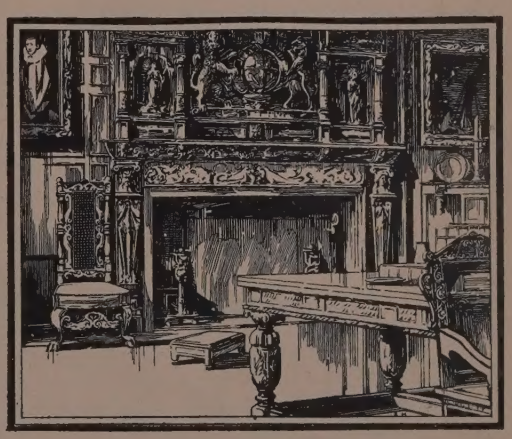


Typical Hampton Interiors



Hampton Shops

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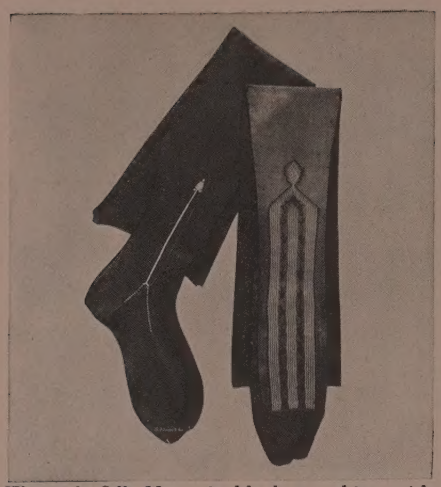
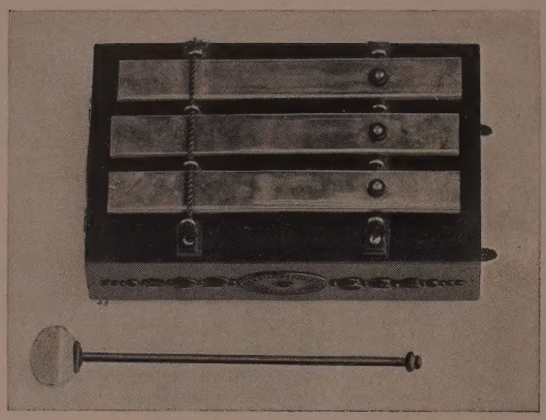


Women's Silk Hose, in black or white, with insteps in openwork and embroidery, per pair, $3.75. With hand-embroidered clocks, per pair $2.25



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Women's Sports Hose; white silk surface, with colored stripes, per pair $3.75

Women's Boudoir Gown of satin combined with Georgia crepe $28.00

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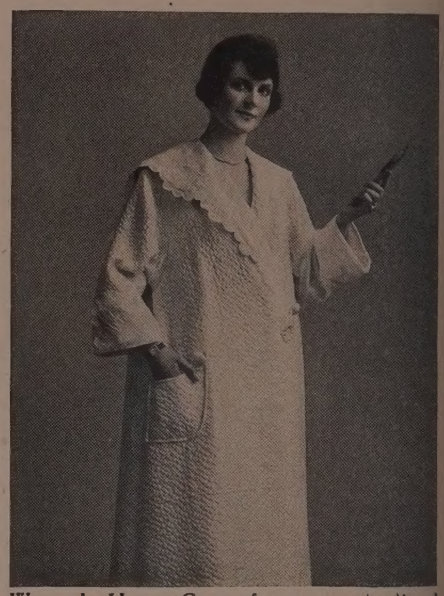
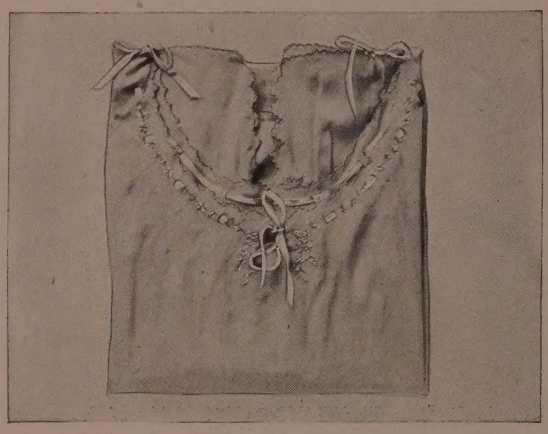
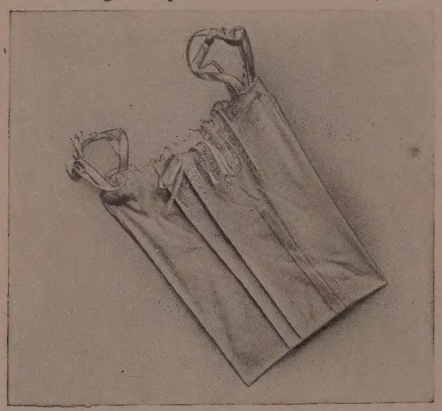


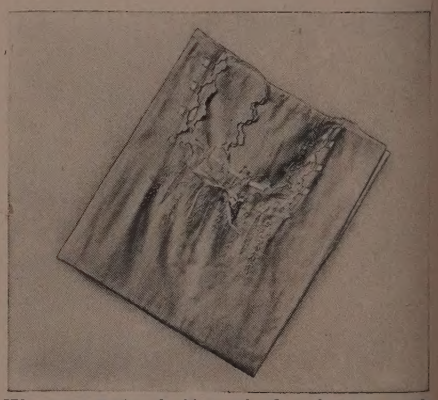
Women's House Coat of zenana, silk-lined throughout, with collar and cuffs of Philippine embroidery $22.50



Women's Robe de Nuit, of pink crepe de Chine, with Philippine embroidery $9.50



Women's Envelope Chemise of white batiste, with Philippine embroidery $3.10



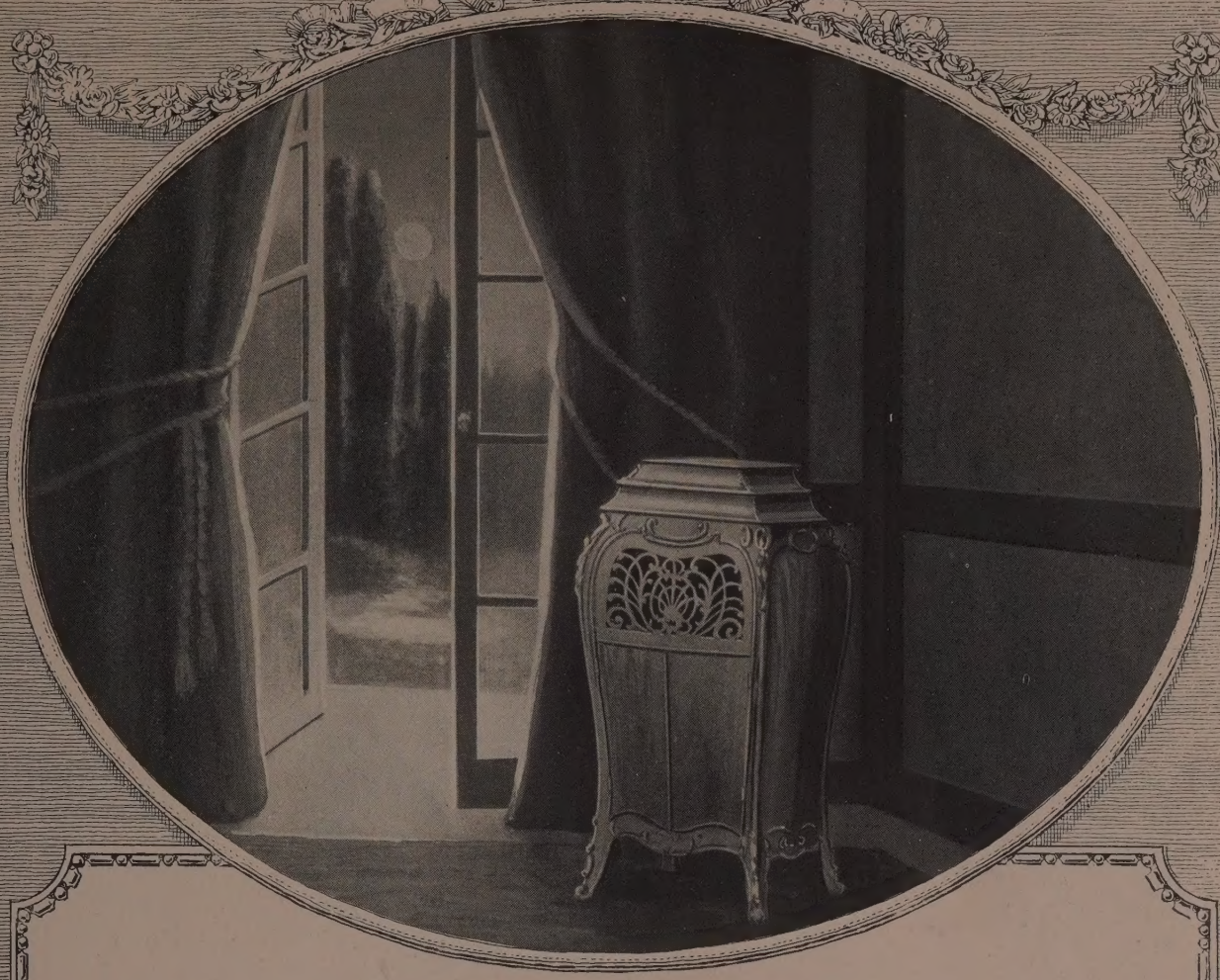
Women's Robe de Nuit of white batiste, with Philippine embroidery $3.10

Women's Boudoir Mules, per pair $5.00

Mahogany Tip Table, decorated $9.50

Lacquer Muffin Stand $20.00

Boudoir Lamp, with silk shade $16.00



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THE THEATRE

DECEMBER, 1916

JANUARY, 1917—a new year and a new issue of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE! We hope the former will be a bright and happy one for you. From the latter you'll surely derive much joy. Replete with theatrical news, crammed full with exclusive and artistic pictures, it contains, in a word, all theatredom.

If you are a theatrical back number, turn over a new leaf. Send us your subscription and become Mr. Hornblow's guest at the first night of each new play.

On January, *1918*, if you think you've not been well informed, we'll refund your subcription price.

WHO are the greatest gamblers on earth?

The men who lose fortunes in the stock market, you say.

But Charles B. Dillingham does not agree with you. "We're the Greatest Gamblers on Earth" is the title of the article he has written for the next issue, telling of the chances theatrical managers take.

Mr. Dillingham produces the mammoth Hippodrome show. Surely he ought to know!

BUT there are two sides to every question.

Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., the "Ziegfeld Follies" man, also has something to say on this theatrical gamble subject.

His article, "On the Other Hand," also in the January number, will give you his opinion.

Are you curious to know with whom you'll agree? Then don't fail to order the next number.

GETTING MARRIED"—the title is attractive, isn't it? It's the name of Bernard Shaw's comedy now at the Booth Theatre.

In our next issue we're going to print excerpts from the play and pictures, telling the story.

It's to be the first of our "Plays Worth While" series.

Read it. If it's not "worth while" in your opinion, hereafter you can act as judge.

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LOUIS MEYER. PAUL MEYER, *Publishers*
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *Editor*

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EMMA DUNN—the dear "old lady" of the stage.

Don't pity her. She has scored the biggest hit of the season in "Old Lady 31."

Confidentially, she doesn't like these motherly parts. But theatre-goers are wise—sometimes—and they refuse to let her play anything else.

Watch for the January number. Emma Dunn will tell you all about the joys and woes of playing what the public likes.

DON'T be startled when you read the next sentence for it's true, though hard to believe. There's a Julian Eltinge in China! He's handsome, too, girls. We're going to print his picture and an article about him in the January number.

The Chinese girls are as anxious to know how he makes-up as you are about our own Julian. We'll let you into the secret. Too bad there are not more who can read English in China. Then our China circulation would take a tremendous boom.

HAVE you ever considered what an important rôle the actress' head-gear plays?

In our next issue we shall have a smart article, written by Perriton Maxwell, on "The Witchery of the Wig."

Some interesting evolutions of the hairy adornment of actor folk.

Various phases of wiggery from the supercurls of Mary Pickford to the flowing tresses of Margaret Anglin and the silver crest of Ruth Chester.

DID you ever study the audience?

It is one of the most fascinating things to watch in the theatre.

You don't see the same people at "Pierrot the Prodigal" as you do at the Winter Garden. Why?

Charlton Andrews will tell you the reason in an interesting article entitled "The Psychology of the Audience," to be published in our next issue. Be sure not to miss it.

START the New Year right.
Remember our warning!
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SIGNOR ENRICO CARUSO

THE THEATRE

The Actors' Christmas Prayer

O Great Director of Our Stage—the World—give ear unto our Prayer at Christmastide; give ear unto our spoken lines, impromptu from the heart; nor withold the things which we, Thine Actors, ask.

Let not greed, nor selfishness, nor envy prompt us to struggle for Parts in Life unsuited to our Talents. Rather, O Great Director, give us pleasure and inspiration in accepting the Lines Thou has decreed, and attaining Perfection in them.

Give us a fuller Knowledge of Life's Great Plot in which Thou has cast us to play, that we may Act Understandingly.

Give us, for Prompter, our Conscience, and the knowledge that, as it is Thy gift, it will give us only the Right Cue.

Give us Wisdom to know that all cannot be cast in Leading Parts, but that in Life's Great Drama each part has its own importance.

Give us the Patience to play our Parts, however small, with every best effort within our power, knowing that only thus may we do our share toward the perfect whole.

Give us Smiles and Good Cheer that we may bring pleasure and joy into Life's cast, rather than gloom and dissension.

Give us the Heart of a Good Samaritan, that we may render aid to the needy in Life's Company, that we may lift the fallen, that we may comfort the stricken and share life's necessities with they who hunger and thirst.

Give us Hands that are Friendly, that are quick to stretch forth to clasp the hand of fellow man, that are ever ready and eager to reach forth and guide others who may stumble across the rough places on Life's Stage.

Give us Gold. Not, O Great Director, for ourselves alone, but that we may use it to give the needy a loaf, a toy, a flower, or whatever it is that gold will buy which is desired most by the poor, the lonely and the sorrowful.

Give us Eyes that are expressive—expressive of pity and love and charity and forgiveness; eyes that encourage and cheer they who may be faltering over the parts in which they are cast.

Give us Hearts of Strength and Bravery; strength to understand the teachings of Him whose Natal Day we celebrate; bravery to follow His Golden Rule and to make His "Brotherhood of Man" the Real Plot of our Life's Play.

Give us Will—a will to interpret the Lines He has given us as we know He would have us act them, a will to overcome obstacles and pitfalls, to accept only clean parts in the one great Drama—"Clean Living."

Give us Laughter for, be it known, 'tis far easier to sob than to smile on this great stage; 'tis far easier to find tears than cheers. And so, give us Laughter that we may bring pleasure and happiness and encouragement into the scenes we enact.

Give us the Art of Praise. O Great Director, let this not become with us a lost art. Let us look back through the years and remember how our hearts craved a word of Praise when first we floundered on Life's Stage, alone and unguided by loved ones. Give us the Golden Art of praise that we may bring joy and encouragement into the lives of actors less fortunate than ourselves.

O Great Director, give us all these things at Christmastide, we, Thine Actors, beseech.

Bless us with Success in all the varied parts in which Thou seest fit to cast us.

Give us wisdom and brotherly love and kindness and generosity, so that when our lines are ended and the Final Curtain drops upon Life's Last Act, the Great Criticism will be:

"He played life's part well."

—Lewis Allen

SARAH BERNHARDT—SUPERWOMAN

By ADA PATTERSON

I NEVER think of the years. They are nothing to me."

So spoke Bernhardt, the superwoman. We have all heard, and have offered, definitions of a superwoman. Mine has been the exultant thrill of finding her.

"How does she look? Don't you pity her?"

A young actress leaned across the tea-table to ask the double question. Her pink, nearly meaningless face was upturned. Between her and me, above the tea-table, floated a vision, a memory vision of what I had seen within the hour.

A long, slender figure wrapped in the most queenly of colors, purple, sat upright in a chair of the Sedan variety. I had seen the figure, unhelped, slip from a limousine into this chair and had seen it borne through a rear passageway into the Majestic Hotel.

The picture, unrelieved, would have been a sad presentment of infirmity, of invalidism. But above the straight line of purple a head lifted, birdlike. A face, thin, radiantly expressive, set round with masses of red hair, turned toward the sunlight.

A woman laughed at her own plight, laughed gleefully as a child. She had eyes like green seawaves dashing defiance at the sun. Her lips parted in a scarlet line over strong, white teeth. Five minutes later she sat beside a table that was half covered with orchids. Surrounded by a dozen men and women of distinction gathered to greet her, she chatted with the gayety of a girl.

PITY Sarah Bernhardt?

I laughed at the pink, upturned, nearly meaningless face. "Pity her!" I answered. "She is a rebuke to every man and every woman I have ever known, a rebuke and an inspiration." And the voice of the vision spoke: "Years? I never think of them. They mean nothing to me."

The superwoman! What if none of us thought of the years! What if they meant nothing to us! We would be nearing, if we had not reached, the state of superwomanhood.

The admiring little group gathered about Sarah Bernhardt the day she arrived in America, furnished enlightenment. Why do actresses seem younger than women of any other class or art or profession.

Recently an actress gave a dance that was one of the social theatrical events of the year. Players, authors, men and women of large fortunes were there in her honor. Standing beside her I observed: "You are overrun by pretty girls to-night. I didn't know there were so many in New York."

"I am not afraid to have them here," she shot at me with an arch little smile and hastened about her business of hostess. Looking after her light, balanced, graceful figure I knew she had spoken without egotism, had spoken the truth.

She had no need to fear comparison with their pink, young faces. Hers looked pink and youthful looking. Nor had she need to fear comparison with their youthful grace. She danced as well as they. In the rose-colored gown that swirled around her light, floating figure she could not be distinguished from her guests, floating in their clouds of blue and white and pink. Yet they were twenty and she was more, much more, than twice their age.

She was an actress, and being an actress she had mastered the gift of charm. Other women hold a theory that we "should make the best of ourselves." But with most women it is like the theory of piano playing, useless without much practice. The actress has had the practice of charming audiences. Every evening beyond the crescent of footlights there is a new body of men and women, strangers to be interested, held, bewitched, by the power of her personality. Witchery becomes her finished art, her personal habit, her "second nature."

Charm is her handmaiden. "If a woman have charm," is Maude Adams' much quoted line in "What Every Woman Knows," "she needs nothing else."

WHAT had charm to do with the enduring quality of an actress' youth? Everything. Or nearly everything. Charm wins praise, mayhap, almost surely, extravagant praise. Extravagant praise creates illusion. Illusion is a veil that wraps us in, and wraps the uglinesses of the world out. Living in the illusion that one is always young, always lovely, why should one grow old? The illusion itself is preservative.

Other women hear brutal truths. An actresses' court hides them from her. Charm creates a cordon of love that protects the object from knowledge that is cruel, or unwelcome. Adelina Patti looked young, felt young, remained young through the loving offices of such a cordon, created by her charm. Her devoted husband, her relatives, her companion, their business secretary, read the reviews of her later tours and translated to her only the pleasing portions.

"Tell me. Did the journals praise my voice?" she would ask the morning after a concert.

"Yes, my love. Assuredly, Madame. Of a certainty, Madame." The critiques varied. The replies never did. So Patti remained the happy queen of a phantom kingdom.

BERNHARDT, too, is a queen with her court ever attending her. When she left the steamer in New York she had the manager of her four last and most successful dramatic tours at her right hand. To her manager, William F. Connor, she turned often with a smile and an affectionate "Mon fils." His direction of her tours has more of sentiment than of sordidness in it, though he is accounted a keen financier. Her companion de voyage of thirty-five years was left behind, because the small woman's nerves had turned traitors. She shrieked when a Zeppelin balanced above her head in London. When a gun pierced the Zeppelin and descending bodies hurtled through the air the tiny woman fainted. The subject of this sketch has a valiant soul. She could not companion with one who showed the white feather. Hence separation, and a new comrade for travel. With her also are Miss Ormsby who teaches her English and translates her letters. And Dr. DeHuc Boisvigne, the physician who attended her during her illness and who guards her health on this tour. And another circle of attendants, and all the further circles from all of whom come admiration in some degree. Marie Antoinette by her faithful Swiss guard was not more loyally, nor so effectually, protected.

So Sarah Bernhardt is never alone with doubts and fears, never permitted to commune with the years behind her.

"You are young and lovely. You will always be so," says the cordon created by her charm. The cordon believes it. She believes it. Her powerful brain sweeps with its searchlight the world of make believe. By its light she analyses. She has, not once but often, said:

"People say I might be, but for the records of my birth, thirty-five or fifty. I am seventy-one. On October 23rd I had lived seventy-one years. I am young because I have always lived in company with love. I have loved much and have been much loved. Never since I can remember, have I missed love. There was my adorable young mother. Between us was human worship. I was but seventeen when my boy, Maurice, came to me. Him I idolized. Never for a moment has he caused me aught but joy, save when he had the childish sicknesses. Before I was nineteen I had known the love of the public. For more than fifty years I have had that love.

"Upon that love I depend. Should the time ever come when there will be no response to the love I send across the footlights a great sorrow would for the first time come to me. My heart would break. I should die."

BUT," here the superwoman, "I do not fear that time. No more than I feared having my leg cut off, no more than the submarine on the Atlantic Ocean. I knew that there were submarines and that I was aboard what the commanders of those submarines were seeking, an enemy ship. But I was not afraid. I believed that the death hour had not come for me. The good God has permitted me a triumphant life. I believe it will be triumphant to the end."

"The triumphant life?" I echoed out of that cordon of the charmed. "Will you tell me about the triumphant life?"

"It is the one that has all things and fears nothing," responded the woman with the flame-like face. "It is the life that takes much from the world and gives the world much in return."

What she is giving it just now, beside the example of a woman who is without fear, who loves the world and is loved by it, is an arrangement of the great acts from the great plays in which she won a world's admiration, and some new one-act plays. Her manager has chosen plays and scenes in which the actress sits, for the most part.

"And that is natural," is his reasoning. "Many important acts of life take place sitting. You and I sit and talk and plan. We might be determining futures. That is true in plays."

Mme. Bernhardt's repertoire, then, in which you will note that three of the Bernhardts show themselves playwrights, comprises the trial scene from Jeanne d'Arc, the death of Cleopatra, by Henry Cain and Maurice Bernhardt; "From Theatre to the Field of Honor," by a French officer at the front; "One of Them," by Mlle. Lysiane Bernhardt, her granddaughter; the last act of "Camille"; "The False Model," by "An Author at the Front"; the last act of "L'Aiglon"; "Hecube," by Maurice (*Concluded on page* 396)

From a portrait, copyright, the Rochlitz Studio

SARAH BERNHARDT AS PHÈDRE

METROPOLITAN OPENS BRILLIANTLY

By MORRIS PAUL

PROBABLY the only important operatic organization in the world which has not been materially affected by the war is the Metropolitan Opera Company, which opened its regular season on Monday evening, November 13th, with a performance of Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles."

If the war lasts much longer, according to Director Gatti-Casazza, who is starting his ninth year as general manager of the company, only with great difficulty can New York's operatic demands be satisfied. While no singers of importance have been lost to the Metropolitan, even now the occupation of engaging new artists in Europe is practically at a standstill, and next season, perhaps, some of the warring nations will call those musicians who have been excused from military service back to fight.

But why worry about the future? Enrico Caruso, king of tenors, is here, and so are Geraldine Farrar, Frieda Hempel, Maria Barrientos, Melanie Kurt, Margaret Matzenauer, Louise Homer, Margaret Ober and Johanna Gadski, Giovanni Martinelli, Jacques Urlus, Johannes Sembach, Pasquale Amato and Giuseppe de Luca.

Practically all of the new singers engaged are Americans or at least American trained. While none of them are to have rôles quite as important as those of Miss Farrar or Mme. Kurt, they will have ample opportunity to show what they can do.

To start the list of newcomers, Mme. Marie Sundelius has been engaged for the soprano section. She is Swedish by birth, but all of her musical education has been acquired in New York. She has never before appeared in opera. Mme. Odette de Fontenay, another soprano, was born in France, but she comes of an old New Orleans family. She was a pupil of Jean de Reszké, and has sung at Covent Garden in London and the Opéra Comique in Paris. Alice Eversman, a native of Washington, D. C., who has sung in opera in Germany, and Kathleen Howard, an American contralto, who was heard in New York with the Century Opera Company, also will make their first appearances at the Metropolitan this season.

THE season will be American in more ways than one. For the first time since Horatio Parker's "Mona," which won a $10,000 dollar prize a few years ago, an opera by a native-born American, will be produced by M. Gatti-Casazza and his associates. It is "The Canterbury Pilgrims," music by Reginald de Koven, and libretto by Percy MacKaye. It is their first grand opera. Mr. De Koven's "Robin Hood" for the past two or three decades has been playing regularly to light opera audiences, but it has never found its way into the grand opera repertoire. "The Canterbury Pilgrims" will not be produced until late in the season.

One other new opera will be sung, "Francesca da Rimini," by Zandonai, a young Italian composer. It has been produced with success at various European opera houses. Frances Alda will appear in the principal rôle. Messrs. Martinelli and Amato are also in the cast.

The revival of "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" (The Pearl Fishers), by Bizet, is interesting. This opera was once performed here in part, but it never before has had a complete performance in America. Miss Hempel and Messrs. Caruso and de Luca are singing the leading rôles, and it is being conducted by Giorgio Polacco.

Other important revivals are "Donizetti's "L'Elisir D'Amore," with Messrs. Caruso and Scotti, and Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," with Mme. Kurt and Mr. Sembach, which will be directed by Arthur Bodansky.

Several of the most popular prima donnas will not be heard during the first part of the season. Miss Farrar, for instance, is now on a concert tour. She will appear for the first time in December and shortly after her arrival Massenet's "Thais" will be revived with her in the title rôle, which has been made famous in America by Mary Garden. Then a little later Mme. Barrientos, who likewise is devoting some of her time to concerts will again hold the center of the stage in coloratura rôles, and for her Delibes' "Lakmé" will once more be added to the repertoire after an absence of several years. Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" is also to be presented for the first time in recent seasons.

IT seems as if the Metropolitan is making an effort to include French opera on a large scale into its lists. Since the days of Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company, French opera has been more or less neglected here. But in the list of new productions and revivals are three French works: "Thais," "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" and "Lakmé." Other promised French operas are: "Manon," "Faust," "Carmen" and "Samson and Delilah." The usual Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Donizetti operas will be heard and in addition two Russian operas, Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff" and Borodine's "Prince Igor," to say nothing of works by living composers such as Strauss' "Rosenkavalier," Montemezzi's "L'amore dei tre Re," and Giordano's "Madame Sans-Gêne," will be presented.

As usual, special attention is being paid to the ballet of which Miss Rosina Galli and Giuseppe Bonfiglio are the leading dancers.

Everything points to a brilliant season. It is doubtful if so distinguished a collection of singers have ever been gathered together for a full season as are now associated with the Metropolitan, and as long as they can be kept in America, the usual high standard of operatic performances that has characterized Mr. Gatti's régime will be upheld.

DURING recent years Richard Strauss has not been attracting the attention that one might expect, considering that among musicians he is thought to be the world's greatest master of musical composition. But this season he has regained some of his lost laurels. His latest work, a symphony lasting fifty minutes, describing the impressions registered during a day spent in the Alps, was played at the opening concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York on October 26th, and a ballet built upon one of his early symphonic poems, "Till Eulenspiegel," had its world's *première* at the hands (or to be more accurate, the feet) of the Serge de Diaghileff Ballet Russe, which, under the auspices of the Metropolitan Opera Company gave a season of two weeks' duration at the Manhattan Opera House in October.

In many respects "Till" is the most startling of all of the creations of the Russian Ballet. Its choreography was created by Waslav Nijinsky, who danced the title rôle. It was not only an artistic, but a popular success. Since the beginning of the war no pantomime ballet of real account had been devised. And nothing approaching "Till" in the way of artistic dance spectacle had ever originated in America.

Next to the sprite-like impersonation of Till by Nijinsky, the most striking feature of the new ballet was the magical setting and the costuming. "Till Eulenspiegel" tells the story of a mythical rogue with some of the characteristics of Puck. Weary of the hypocrisy of his townspeople, he plays a series of pranks on them. He rushes into the market place where the trades-people are engaged in selling their wares, knocking everything topsy-turvy, but disappearing before he can be stopped. Next he imitates a priest in satiric mood and later makes love to a lady of high station who repulses him. Into the midst of a group of professors he next makes his way to poke fun at their superior ways. Finally he is arrested for his tricks, and convicted to die on the gallows.

So fine a piece of mimic impersonation as Nijinsky's Till has not been seen in New York since the arrival of the Russian dancers a year ago. A green clad imp, he leaps and dazzles the eyes with his quickness and at the same time brings out the well-meaning mischievousness of his hero. He is exactly fitted for such a part. It seems to have been made for him and he for it. One could not imagine anyone else doing it after seeing him.

THE fantastical stage setting of Mr. Jones, with its mingling of blues and purples and its wondrous fairy castles, is a masterpiece of scenic decoration. And the costumes, each of which gives an exaggerated poetic suggestion of the character within it, are marvelous. Miss Flore Revalles, as the lady who repells the love of Till, does nothing but walk across the stage, yet her costume is so striking that all eyes center upon her during her brief stay. "Till" is one of the most impressive entertainments which New York has seen in a long time.

The Ballet Russe offered only one other new production during its short season, "Sadko," a sub-marine ballet, devised by Adolf Bolm and set to the music of a symphonic poem by Rimsky-Korsakoff of the same name. It tells the story of a wandering musician who enchants the population of the sea with his harp and finally elopes with the daughter of the Tzar of the sea in a large shell. As a stage picture it made an agreeable impression and some of the dances were pretty, but it is not an important addition to the repertoire of the Russian dancers.

As for the Strauss Alpine Symphony which the Philharmonic Society presented, it made its appeal more through its descriptive powers than its musical content. Strauss has reverted to his early melodious style, but he seems to have lost his melodic inventiveness, for the Alpine melodies were almost always reminescent either of his own earlier works or of music of other composers. "A man (*Concluded on page* 396)

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ANTONIO SCOTTI

GERALDINE FARRAR

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PASQUALE AMATO

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MINNIE EGENER

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CARL BRAUN

FAVORITE SINGERS TO BE HEARD AT THE METROPOLITAN THIS SEASON

WHY I AM A FIRST NIGHTER

By JAMES BUCHANAN (DIAMOND JIM) BRADY

THERE are a whole lot of reasons why I am a "first-nighter." And I admit I *am* a first-nighter. I believe I've attended more first-night theatrical performances than any other person.

First of all, I'm something of a sport, in my quiet way. I like to take a chance. Attending a first-night performance is taking considerable chance.

You see, if you wait a week or so after a play has started you know practically all about it. The critics have either boosted or panned it—but don't depend on the critics, they're as human as I am and are quite as likely to be wrong in disliking a show as I am in liking it.

But here's the sporting chance—if the show's been running awhile you've read all the criticisms. Your neighbor or friend has seen it and told you "all about it"—did you ever know anyone who could really describe a play to you? There ain't no such animal.

Then again the magazines have printed excerpts from it—all the brightest or funniest or saddest or most melodramatic lines. And they've printed pictures of various scenes so you know just how low the leading lady wears her gowns and how high the villain wears his collar. You've learned the plot and everything and then when you go you get it rather second-hand.

But when you become a first-nighter there's an element of sport in it. It is a sort of blind swap—your good money for a good seat to a show that may run two years or may be a "fliv," and go into storage Saturday night.

THE queerest first night I know was not so very long ago. It was a sort of first night and last night rolled all into one. I've known many a show to sort of sag along several days and break apart and drift into the storehouse by Thursday or Friday, but this is the first time I ever saw a show that opened for the first time and closed for the last time all during the same performance. It was "Yvette." It had some capable people in the cast, but I could see from the start that it was going to be a flivver. By the close of the performance it was plain that it couldn't get another houseful.

That's one charm about first nights. You never can tell. It's the guess-work. You wonder what it will be like. You don't know a thing about it. And as to whether it will be a success, even a combined clairvoyant, mind-reader and old-fashioned alchemist couldn't tell that because not even the manager, director, owner, author or actors have the slightest idea as to whether it will be a success or a failure.

And again, another of my reasons is that there's a different sort of crowd, a happy, expectant, "I'll-take-a-chance" bunch of people who are congenial to sit amongst. And I like the speeches because I don't know what they'll say, and if it's a musical comedy—you may gamble I'll be there the first night if it is—I like to help out the comedian by giving him a chance to make some crack about my diamonds.

In all seriousness I am a collector of first-night memories. Some collect old ivories or paintings or tapestries or Japanese prints or firearms, but I collect first-night memories. I can remember a lot of them when I try. And I can remember a lot more when I don't try, when they pop into my mind through some peculiar suggestion.

But I've been a first-nighter so long I cannot remember my first, first night.

I'M a New York boy—when I was only thirty I delighted in being called the "old man," but now I'm a "boy"—well, I'm a real New York boy. O. Henry wrote a story about a man who tried to find another man born in New York. Harry Leon Wilson wrote one along the same lines this season. If they'd have hunted me up they would have found an original New Yorker. I know they say that there's no man living in New York now who was born there. They're wrong. I was born down on Cedar Street.

All I can remember about my first night is that I was a little kid in short pants—probably cut down from dad's—and I earned some pennies and went down to some theatre on the old Bowery when it *was* the Bowery, a rather fashionable street then. I climbed up and up and up some winding stairs and sat in the front row in the gallery and I had so much fun that the next day I hustled to earn more pennies so that I could go again.

As the theatres moved uptown so I moved uptown and I kept on hustling to earn more pennies in order to attend more first nights. That's how it happened. It just grew on me gradually. It wasn't any especial career I had planned. I didn't say to myself, "I'll become the world's champion first-nighter" but I awoke one morning to read in the papers that I was a first-nighter, and later I learned that I was the champion first-nighter, and I guess I am.

I can't remember the worst show I ever saw. I wouldn't mention it if I could because the wrong person would be blamed. It might be the actors' fault, or the director's fault, or the author's fault, or the fault of the smart guy who thought he could rewrite the author's play and improve it. There have been a lot of "worst" shows.

However, I'm a theatrical optimist. There have been more worth-while shows than you would imagine and the good ones are becoming more and more plentiful.

BUT I can remember the *best* first-night I ever attended. Of course it was only the "best" to me, but as I am talking about myself, I can truthfully say it was my best first night.

This show was "Forget-Me-Not." I cannot remember the exact date, thirty or thirty-five years ago, perhaps. It was at Lester Wallack's Theatre and Rose Coghlan appeared as "Stephanie." In the words of to-day, it was *some* show. For those days it was red hot. To-day it might seem a bit tame, but then—whew! It brought forth a lot of howls from the prudes and several volumes of those dear old "Whither-are-we-drifting" editorials.

But we've kept right on drifting and drifting. And I can tell you whither we have drifted—into shows that are ten times better to-day, ten times as interesting, real, entertaining and clever as those of a generation and more ago.

I liked that show. I was not only a first-nighter, but a second, third, fourth and so-on nighter for some time.

But it isn't always the very best show that affords me the pleasantest or most memorable first night. Only recently I attended a first night that will always stay green in my memory. This was "Le Poilu," opening attraction at the renovated Garrick Theatre. There hadn't been much comment about this, except that the operetta had been a success in Paris and that some of the performers were very capable. It opened pleasingly enough, but nothing at all unusual or exciting until the close of the first act when came one of the most impressive and remarkable demonstrations it has ever been my privilege to witness and explains my claim that a first-night is a sporting chance and you never can tell.

At the close of the first act Mme. Jeanne Maubourg wrapped the tri-color of France about her, stepped to the front and began to sing the *"Marseillaise."*

It was to be a little solo—appropriate to the nature of the performance. But do you think the audience would let it be a solo? No sir! That audience stood up quicker than any audience ever stood up for the *"Star Spangled Banner,"* and that audience began to sing.

Say, I began to sing!

I didn't know what I was singing. I didn't know what the words were. But I knew it was something worth while and I couldn't help singing and ought to sing anyway.

THE man next to me began to sing. Everyone began to sing. Do you know how infectious that was? Well, Louis Mann, who was with me, and who stands firmly and flatly and solidly on both feet for all and everything that is German—he began to sing! And he sang it with fervor and gusto and verve as they say in the "write-ups." It would be hard to imagine a more impressive first night.

I wouldn't have missed it for a quart of diamonds.

I liked the rest of the performance, typically French and not the sort that usually has a long New York run, but that singing made it stand out. Now she may sing that every night hereafter and the audience may sing it with her, but here's what the first nighters miss—everyone has read about that singing. They know it will happen, they look forward to it. They cannot possibly become as enthused as they would if it came as a surprise. They know, before they buy their tickets, what is in store for them.

I like all first nights, but am not so fond of drama as of a good musical comedy. I know that a lot of fun is made of the old "Black Crook" now. But it was a corker. Back in the days when it was in its prime no one made fun of it. It is one memory in my first-night collection. It was one of the biggest and best extravaganzas of its day. Those old Rice plays all stand out as big first-nights to me.

Don't think I'm one of those who believe old things are best. While I have fond memories of Pauline Hall, Theresa Vaughn, Della Fox and many, many others of their day, and of the plays in which they starred, I know that the plays of a dozen or twenty years ago cannot begin to compare with

(*Concluded on page* 396)

Photos White Lee Baker Elsie Ferguson

George Backus Elsie Ferguson Eleanor Gordon

"Shirley Kaye" is in four acts with the scenes laid in a fashionable community on Long Island. Elsie Ferguson is seen as the heroine, a high spirited girl of an aristocratic old New York family with a decided will of her own. How she obtains the mastery of a difficult situation involving high finance, and how she successfully conducts her own love affair is told in the course of the play

Kitty Brown William Holden Elsie Ferguson

SCENES IN "SHIRLEY KAYE" TO BE PRESENTED IN NEW YORK SHORTLY

MY PERILS IN THE MOVIES

By ANNETTE KELLERMANN

MY chief trouble while transforming "A Daughter of the Gods" from an abstract idea to a concrete series of moving pictures, was in keeping my nearly distracted husband away while we were photographing the most dangerous scenes.

On what I term "Crocodile Day" I was guilty of a conjugal fib. "There will be nothing of any importance to-day, dear," I said. "We won't need you. Do take a holiday."

The falsehood may have been what Victor Hugo termed "a noble lie." At any rate, it was in the interest of art. I have the conviction that if I hadn't told the matrimonial fib the great Fox film would have lost its most thrilling scene. My husband would never have permitted me to be thrown to the Saurians.

Audiences follow my perils in "A Daughter of the Gods" with shuddering gasps and low cries of "Oh!" and "Oh, dear!" at the climaxes. Those gasps and cries are unconscious signs of the intelligence of the theatre-goers of 1916-17. The public has had an excellent behind-the-scenes training. It knows a fake when it sees it. It respects the actual. It greets the fake with derision. If the reefs had not been real reefs; if the tower had been of papier mâché, with a trick staircase; if the waterfall had been magnified; if any of the dangers through which I passed had been illusions, there would have been laughter where now are the shuddering gasps. Barnum is dead. Once you could fool the public. That time is in the distance. It belongs to the accumulated rubbish of forgotten things. It is impossible to fool the public.

WHILE this intelligence is welcome in some respects, it exacts a heavy toll from the artist who purveys entertainment. It requires that she be willing to lay down her life for that art. I consciously, deliberately, imperilled my life a score of times for the success of "A Daughter of the Gods." I am glad I did. An artist has her eye on the star of success. I say with modesty that my willingness to face death helped to make the picture the triumph it is. But once done I would not repeat it. After great effort there is always great reaction. I came back from Jamaica asserting, believing, determining, that I would never do another moving picture. I have assailed the ears of my walls, of my pet pug Cooie, of my husband, with resounding exclamations: "Never again!" Always these exclamations referred to motion pictures.

Of the discomforts of the sojourn I will say little. They could not be avoided. The soldier in the army of life must expect long, hard marches. The heroic soldier says little about them. When he does he jests at them. I will dismiss those discomforts by saying that I lived most of the time on an oil tank. I lived there voluntarily, because of my dog Cooie. An oil tank is an Australian steamship that carries oil. The authorities would not permit any except English dogs to land, because they feared an epidemic of rabies. Poor little black Cooie was so lonesome on board that boat that I soon found that calling on her was not enough. She pined so that I feared she would die. So Mr. Sullivan and I gave up our rooms at the hotel and lived on the ship. Cooie's appetite and appearance at once improved and I have her with me now, at my home in Douglaston, Long Island. I would not have her had I not made that sacrifice of personal comfort.

I went to Jamaica expecting to stay there for four months. Instead I remained for nine. It was a prodigious achievement that required a great deal of time. It involved the building of an entire motion picture city. Everything being real, the construction of the scenes could not be hastened. The work was directed

ANNETTE KELLERMANN
In "A Daughter of the Gods"

by a genius. Genius never sacrifices the good or the beautiful for economy of time or effort.

The first of my perils was, as I account them, the least. It seemed alarming to the others. It was dangerous, but the danger was not of the degree which I later faced. There were back in the wooded depths of the island swift rapids. We believed that a good effect could be gained by my swimming the rapids. It was easy enough in the upper part. But rapids like passions of the human heart gather force. Midway of the rapids there was a bowl-like spot beyond which no one could swim and live. We resolved that at this spot I should stop. But how stop when I had reached that point? We solved the problem by the ingenuity of my horrified husband.

"Station men at that point and let them reach out and catch her as she gets into the bowl," he said. And so they did. Immediately the picture was taken five men flung ropes to me from the bank. I caught one and was drawn in, though considerably bruised. They were the first of an interesting collection of bruises that are souvenirs of my stay in Jamaica. One of these, a long abdominal scar, I shall keep as a permanent souvenir.

The natives were dismayed at some of my attempts. Accustomed to the water they are excellent swimmers. They are used to great hazards. They are half aquatic animals. But they strongly disapproved my adventures. The time came in the development of the drama when it was necessary for me to go over some waterfalls. We summoned the natives. "Will one of you swim with me on my first trip?" I asked.

"No," they answered. "No. No. No." All the way down the line of gaping natives I received these negative answers.

"A cow wouldn't come out of those falls alive. Let alone a woman," said a leading spirit among the natives.

Another conclave. It was necessary to the unities, necessary to reach the climax, that I swim the falls.

"Throw a dog in and see what becomes of him," said one of the staff. He picked up a fine looking, rough-haired dog and dropped him into the churning flood.

"That's the boss's dog. He kill you," shouted one of the natives.

We strained our eyes for sight of the rough brown hair. Not a sign. No one saw a trace of him. More conference. A search. Somebody found him at last alive, under a projecting ledge, where the force of the water had flung him.

"I will go," I said. "I'll jack it. Every swimmer knows what that means. By doubling my body I could divide the force of the water and lessen the danger of the descent. Doubling my body, jackknife like, I made the descent that is applauded in the picture.

THE tower scene was attended by great danger. Beneath it, and between the tower and the water, was a wide ledge. The ledge could not be moved. It would have razed the foundation of the tower. I must clear the cliff. Eye and experience told me that it could not be done from a window of the tower. The tower was ninety-five feet high. To strike that cliff in my dive would mean instant death. The solution of the problem was the building from the tower windows of broad projecting shelves. This was done. The width of the ledge was calculated to a nicety. Poising on the outermost edge of the shelf I made the leap in safety.

It had been my habit to work all day. Once I stopped after three hours work. I took the afternoon off because my courage had forsaken me. The battle with the waves among the reefs had taken my strength. I had been tossed upon the reefs so often and cruelly that I wanted to weep as a little child, that has been hurt, cries for its mother. I went to the oil tank and told my husband I couldn't work any more.

"I can't finish the picture," I said. "I am afraid."

"You have only lost your nerve," said my husband. "Stay at

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From a portrait, copyright, by Maurice Goldberg

G R A C E G E O R G E

The popular actress-manager who will again conduct a repertory season at the Playhouse

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By JOHN MASON

IN setting down these personal memories I must begin with an event of which, although I was present when it occurred, I have no actual recollection, but upon which hinges my entire career. From information given by my mother and a perfectly credible physician, corroborated by enthusiastic relatives and an aged nurse, I have every reason to believe that I was born at Orange, New Jersey, October 28, 1859, a year or so later than I find myself recorded by those stage historians who have been good enough to include me among the favored ones whom they hand down to fame in their biographies of American actors.

On both my father's and my mother's side, I come of remote English ancestry, through a line of New England blood that dates back to Puritan times. My father's first American forefather was Robert Mason, who settled in Salem, Mass., in 1630, and worshipped God and burned "witches" with the best of them. My mother, Susan Belcher Mason, was a descendent of Jonathan Belcher, who was governor of New Hampshire and Massachusetts in 1730 and continued in that office until appointed by the Crown in 1747 to be Governor of New Jersey. Except that my grandfather, Dr. Lowell Mason, and my cousin, who is named after my father, Daniel Gregory Mason, have been noted as musicians and musical educators, I am the first of my family to be even remotely associated with the lyric or dramatic stage. I was educated in private schools at home and at Frankfort gymnasium was prepared for the university at Heidelberg, but preferred to enter an American university, and so matriculated at Columbia in 1876.

TWO years later, at the age of twenty, I made my stage début at the Walnut Street Theatre. During that season, I garnered rather greater stores of experience than fall to the youthful beginner of to-day, since I appeared in a number of very notable plays, and supported such stars as Lawrence Barrett, Mary Anderson, Lotta Crabtree, Joseph K. Emmett, Mme. Janauschek, Fanny Davenport, Miss Adelaide Neilson, James C. Williamson, Frank C. Bangs and other stellar luminaries of that palmy era.

From Philadelphia I went to the classic old stock company at the Boston Museum, here with a brief interval of two seasons spent in New York as *jeûne premier* in A. M. Palmer's Union Square Stock Company, I remained from 1879 to 1889—a period of ten years. While still a member of Mr. Palmer's organization, I was "loaned," in 1885, to Mr. Steele Mackaye, to create the leading juvenile part in "Dakolar" for the dedication of the old (then the new) Lyceum Theatre on Fourth Avenue, next to the old Academy of Design. In the cast were Robert B. Mantell, Viola Allen and several other ambitious young players who subsequently became stars.

When I went to the Boston Museum, I was an ardent, inexperienced boy, carrying in my "sack of unacquired knowledge" a heavy cargo of ideals, and no experience could have been happier than to live in Boston in these splendid days when that city was still the modern Athens of New England tradition. In 1879 the tortuous streets of the "Hub" fairly reeked with celebrities or the memories of famous Bostonians. People spoke of Daniel Webster as the Godlike Daniel and of his great rival, Rufus Choate, as though both were to be met under the State House dome. Edward Everett and Charles Sumner still lived in Boston hearts and Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, leonine of beard and gently angelic of eye, strolled in the flesh about Boston Common, and James Russell Lowell, no matter how deeply buried in thought, or how far and loftily afield in the realm of poetic creation, still had time for a warm handclasp and a cheery greeting to young actors. Phillips Brooks was preaching to

Sarony

JOHN MASON
At the age of twenty-five

Bostonians in those days, and dear old Mrs. Vincent still dispensed the gospel of kindliness and good deeds which endeared her to all Boston, and won love and respect for the whole stage because of her fragrant, beautiful life.

It was a wonderful atmosphere, and a great group of players entertained Boston audiences back of the collection of moth eaten curios which gave the venerable Museum its name. William Warren, Annie Clarke, and other dear and fame-gilded names adorned the roster of the classic Museum company, and valiantly did that organization hold aloft the torch of Art on Tremont Street.

AT the Boston Museum I appeared in every form of entertainment except grand opera, creating the leading rôles in such widely different plays as "Shenandoah" (first brought out at the Museum in 1889) and originating in this country many of the principal masculine rôles in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, including Florian in "Princess Ida," the Colonel in "Patience," and others. In 1890, after the death of my dearest friend and inseparable companion, my mother, I went to London, intending to take a long rest, but the call of the theatre was strong, and I found myself only too eager to accept an opportunity to appear in George Alexander's splendid St. James' Theatre in a new play by a young Australian dramatist, since a favorite with audiences all over America—Haddon Chambers.

The play was "The Idler," and I had the honor of being cast for the rôle of Simeon Strong.

Returning to America, I turned toward the lyric muse and for three years appeared with Miss Marion Manola. Our *pièce de résistance* was an adaptation with songs of Erkmann-Chartrian's French classic "L'Ami Fritz," which we produced as "Friend Fritz." Playing a little girl in our company was Miss Manola's talented daughter, Adelaide Manola, my step-daughter, and now the wife of Rupert Hughes, the dramatist-novelist-critic, and distinguishing herself "on her own" as a writer. Lured by the glittering bait of vaudeville Miss Manola and I spent the next two seasons in that field, but in 1896 I returned to London, again playing in my old part in "The Idler," and afterwards appearing with E. S. Willard at the Garrick as Col. Moberly in Augustus Thomas' "Alabama."

A tour of the United States with Miss Manola in "Friend Fritz" followed.

Twenty years after my début, in 1898, I appeared in Hall Caine's "The Christian," playing the rôle of Horatio Drake in the support of Miss Viola Allen, with whom, as you know, I had formerly been associated in the brief run of "Dakolar," and afterwards at the Boston Museum. At the close of my engagement with Miss Allen, I achieved the ambition of all young American actors of that day, and became a member of the famous old Lyceum company playing, after the death of Augustin Daly, in Daly's classic theatre on Broadway near Thirtieth Street.

AFTER two pleasant and profitable seasons under the artistic direction of Daniel Frohman, I went on tour in a production of "The Altar of Friendship," a piece produced by the late Jacob Litt, long connected with the Broadway Theatre. This tour was followed by a season in Clyde Fitch's comedy, "The Way of the World," in which I supported that brainy and beautiful woman, Miss Elsie de Wolfe. "The Way of the World" was succeeded by an engagement with Miss Annie Russell, and then, in 1905, I turned an important corner in my professional career, by becoming a member of the company supporting Mrs. Fiske.

For two years I was privileged to play opposite rôles to this admirable artist and inspiring stage comrade, and during that period I was cast for leading rôles in "Hedda Gabler," "Leah Kleschna," "A Light from St. Agnes" (Mrs. Fiske's own play) and in John Luther Long's "Dolce." Of the many experiences from which I have drawn stimulus and encouragement in my work, my engagement with Mrs. Fiske shines forth as the brightest and most inspiring of them all. To play with the late Frank Mayo was accounted by those actors fortunate enough to enjoy an association with that beau ideal of the American stage during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, a liberal education. It was. But with Minnie Maddern Fiske, one also captured fine and far-reaching glimpses of that indefinable something that lurks at the very heart of dramatic feeling, and I gladly grasp this opportunity to acknowledge my profound indebtedness to that generous, kindly and most effective teacher

© A. Ellis
In "The Idler" (1890)

for advice, instruction and inspiration that have been of incalculable use to me since leaving her company.

After my engagement with Mrs. Fiske came a tour in "The Liars," and appearances in "Jane," "The Tyranny of Tears," and a delightful engagement with that brilliant actress and superb woman, Miss Virginia Harned, now alas, too rarely seen on the stage. With Miss Harned as star, I played the principal male rôle in "Anna Karenina"; and then another turning point was reached when the Messrs. Shubert, after several other managers had feared to produce the greatest of Augustus Thomas' plays, cast me for the rôle of John Brookfield in Mr. Thomas' masterpiece, "The Witching Hour."

It is a favorite theatrical bromide that "good parts make good actors." They don't, of course, for it is not at all difficult to fail in a magnificent part. Are not the bones of a thousand Hamlets, and Lears, bleaching beside the route of many stellar tours? And have not fine actors made fiasco of classic rôles from time immemorial? But like all bromides there is some truth in the saying, and certainly the rôle of John Brookfield, if it didn't make me a good actor, opened my eyes to new phases of dramatic expression, and led me further along the mazes of psychology of acting than a hundred ordinary parts might have done.

I PLAYED in "The Witching Hour" for nine hundred and seventy performances, and so far as the feeling of freshness with which the play always appealed to me is concerned, might have gone on until to-day, but a new play by Mr. Thomas was waiting for a production, and other engagements could not longer be deferred. The new piece was "As a Man Thinks," a tremendous drama suggested to the author by the anti-Semite movement in Europe—notably the Dreyfus Case, which had convulsed military and social circles in France and spread all around the world. I should have spoken of a brief engagement in "None So Blind," and "A Son of the People," which previous contracts made it necessary for me to play prior to the production of "As a Man Thinks."

In "A Son of the People" I was paid, by the management of the New Theatre (now the Century) the unusual compliment of being invited to appear at that magnificent playhouse with my own company. No other star had brought his play with cast intact to the New Theatre, but as Mark Aron, I had that privilege on the evening of February 28, 1910. The first performance of "As a Man Thinks" was given on the evening of March 13, 1911. This piece finished the season of 1911, and was used for the opening of the season of 1911-12.

After the extended run of "As a Man Thinks," I played an engagement that may be set down as negligible under the management of the late Charles Frohman, subsequently passing to the management of A. H. Woods, whose strongly cast productions were beginning to command wide attention. With a notable group of players, including John Barrymore, whose father and mother were early idols of mine, Miss Florence Reed, Frederic de Belleville and several others, I appeared in "The Yellow Ticket," a stirring Russian melodrama in which I was quite justly assassinated by Miss Reed something like five hundred times.

My second season under Mr. Woods' management was devoted to his fine and highly successful production of an American version by Edward Sheldon of Suderman's "Song of Songs," with Miss Irene Fenwick in the leading feminine rôle. This engagement brought me down to last season's production of "Common Clay," with which piece—first seen in Boston as a Harvard prize play—I am still associated.

OF course, there have been incursions during the past few seasons into the auriferous field of the "movies."

I am not of those who believe the camera will ever supplant the audience in the affections of any actor who has garnered even a small harvest of success upon the speaking stage. The actor or actress who feels *en rapport* with his audience, who thrills at the tightening of the cord of sympathy which binds the player and the playgoer heart to heart, must find himself cold, as he works in silence before the empty and irresponsive air.

In "As A Man Thinks" (1911)

But I am firmly of the belief that the movie theatre is proving a means of bitter grace to managers who have for years and years sent inferior productions of New York successes to face audiences in cities throughout the country with nondescript players instead of the experienced actors who won a metropolitan success for the play thus ill-presented to out-of-town audiences.

In "The Christian" (1898)

A public which embraces nine-tenth of the population of America will not longer be fooled with "Direct from New York" advertisements that are not carried out by performances.

My good friend and manager A. H. Woods has the right idea in that he believes that all-star performances of big metropolitan success reproduced on the screen lacking only the voice of the players, may legitimately challenge the "Number 3" of five or fifty organizations presenting the same piece on the speaking stage.

But this is not a place for digressing into my favorite in-door sport, which happens to be discussions of the photo play.

I CANNOT lay down my pen without at least a word of tribute to the splendid artists I have known in my career on the stage.

As a boy I was privileged to meet and admire with awestricken soul Fechter—the finest genius France ever lent our stage—and the unhappiest man—Salvini, and the great German, Possart. During my school days I studied the work of the giants of the Théâtre Français, including Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt, then full of fiery youth but no whit more blazing with vitality than at this miraculous day.

Professional visits abroad have gained me the friendly acquaintance of the great ones of the English stage from Barry Sullivan and Mrs. John Wood to our dearly beloved Sir Henry Irving, and the always incomparable Ellen.

But I cannot forego saying that the finest flower of the stage during my association with the theatre has bloomed right here in America. Not for worlds would I relinquish the blessed privilege I deem it to have known such artists and such men and women as Edwin Booth, Fanny Davenport, Frank Mayo, Maurice Barrymore, Mrs. John Drew, the never to be forgotten mother who gave John and Georgina Drew Barrymore to the stage, Clara Morris, Joseph Jefferson, Ada Rehan, Modjeska, Georgia Cayvan—cut off at the very opening of a career of endless promise, the gentle Warfield, the scholarly Skinner, N. C. Goodwin, the very genius of comedy, Francis Wilson, a laughing student, Mrs. Fiske—and one names the very spirit of the stage when one says Mrs. Fiske—Margaret Anglin who passes from Greek tragedy to the ultra-modern comedy of day-after-to-morrow with facile grace, and so on down a list that shines with brilliant names.

WHAT SANTA OUGHT TO PUT IN OUR STOCKINGS

By MARGARET ANGLIN

I AM asked what, in my opinion, would be the best Christmas gift that our managers could put in the "stocking" of the American theatre-going public. There need be no hesitation on my part in answering this, since I have long given it serious thought. In few words I would say:

"The greatest need of American theatre-goers to-day is a properly balanced and intelligently conducted repertoire theatre for every one of our larger cities."

Indeed, I am thoroughly convinced of the desirability of this. The statement may have a familiar ring, nevertheless it cannot be disputed. The need of such theatres is being felt throughout the country in our cities and, I am glad to learn, a great many thoughtful people who enjoy the stage are expressing their desire for such theatres.

To go more fully into the subject and make clear my views I want to explain at the start that I believe in American plays by American authors for American people. I would not exclude all foreign-made plays, nor foreign plays by American authors, nor American plays by foreign authors, but I would not allow them to predominate.

The same holds good with classical plays. By all means present them from time to time and present them properly and well. Their value should not be underestimated. They are the foundation of literature and art!

THERE is a great awakening in our country to the fact that we need America for the Americans, and it has extended to the professional stage. That is, the public wants more purely American plays, which is but natural, and surely it is a good sign that we are awakening to the fact that, after all, America and American ways and American life should come first.

After all, emotions are about the same the world over. It doesn't matter whether the scene is laid in New York or in the South Sea Islands. The great difference lies only in the manner of expression. The South Sea Islander may struggle to heap up quantities of copra or raw pearls that he may dispose of them and buy many wives and many shiny glass beads and much firewater. The American may seek to heap up many dollars that he may properly dress and house and bedeck with jewels one wife; that he may build mansions and country estates and own a string of cars, and all that.

But stage these things and what happens? We Americans are certainly not much interested in the struggles of Chief Uglubb to secure twenty-four brass nose rings for twenty-four wives. But we are decidedly interested to know how Mr. Smythe-Jones manages to acquire both his money and his wife and how he manages to retain both. We are interested because it is American life, life that we understand, since we are living a part of it.

The skilled author could make a play of either, but to what avail would it be to bother with the emotions of the savage when the emotions of our own class of people are the ones we best understand and enjoy seeing reproduced upon the stage by faithful and painstaking actors?

If we are to have war plays let them be of American wars. If we are to have plays of finance, let it be American finance. Americans understand the thrill of the Stars and Stripes, they know what the flag stands for, what their forefathers have suffered for it, and the American war play means more to them than any other war play could. Also, they know all about the American dollar, almighty at times in what it will do and at other times worthless to help in certain trials. The pound sterling and the mark and franc and ruble and lira do not have the same meaning. First, they do not care to sit and figure out how much three million kopecks is in American dollars before they can know whether the price paid for something in some foreign play was too high or too low. We lose the value right there, and this is but one of the almost innumerable drawbacks to the un-American play from the viewpoint of American people.

IN my own managerial career I have made almost every possible effort to secure American plays. Not always, to be sure, have I been successful. But last season I produced three of them, one the joint work of Rupert Hughes and Gertrude Atherton, whose Americanism none can dispute. The latter play was given a trial only, but I expect to produce it again. Shortly also two others by new authors.

I cite these instances as proof that I am sincere in my belief that our public desires and fully appreciates the American play. But of equal importance with the need of plays by American authors is the need of a school of actors capable of presenting all manner of plays, from the Greeks to our esteemed George Cohan! It is my earnest hope that not only good repertoire theatres be instituted in every sizable city, but that such a school of acting as I have just mentioned be made a part of every repertoire theatre.

The number of pupils should be limited and, what is of far greater importance, selected with painstaking care. Such a school should not be open to every person. We know that of the thousands who think they can make a success on the stage only a handful are right in their belief, only a handful meet with sufficient success to make the stage worth while as their life work.

Give fair trials in such schools, but thin out without delay all who are not promising or all who, even though promising, are so situated in life with regard to fortune as to be likely to drop it after a short while, merely going in "for the fun of the thing." But with those in the school who are promising and who, there is every reason to believe, will continue in the profession, the future of such a repertoire theatre as I have in mind will be assured.

AS to repertoire theatres in all sizable cities, which I believe to be an actual need in this country, they should possess a company of players who have attained a worthy degree of perfection in their art. Such a high-class company should be always maintained and such players should give a little of their time each day to teaching in the school connected with the theatre. All this for the benefit of future generations of American theatre-goers.

Once such a school as I have in mind is established and the chaff sifted from the wheat, the fortunate students would have greater advantage than in any other sort of school, since they would get the benefit of teaching by professional men and women and could, at the same time, study them as they appear in their various parts during the season. Voice culture, poise, carriage, stage presence, make-up and every other branch of the art could be taught by those in the company best adapted for it.

And at the end of the season would come the reward. Engagements for the next season should be given out to those of the students who have best qualified in their work. Only minor parts in the real company, but the result would be perfection in any cast, even to the smallest part.

The nearest approach to such a company as I have in mind is found to-day in the permanent stock companies, of which there are so many worthy ones throughout the country, but they are asked to appear without sufficient time for preparation. Another near approach is in the companies maintained by a few of our leading actors and actresses. I have taken young people and soon discovered that they were not adapted for the profession. Other young people with less promise I have taken and after hard work with them have found that they possessed talent well worth nurturing. And I have been rewarded in seeing them climb up to success and secure parts of more than ordinary importance. If we had our repertoire theatres in all large cities, together with their schools, how much better could this be done, and how short a time it would be before the American theatre-goers would begin to enjoy better plays by better players. I mean by this that the great average of plays would be far better than to-day.

CONSIDER the stock companies in olden times, especially those companies which have had what is known as the "visiting star" system, the young actor or actress has a splendid opportunity to not only play many parts in many plays, but also watch others handle various rôles and study methods of the various leading men and women. The visiting star might appear with one company only a week, but the value of being able to study such a star with eyes that see everything and a brain that comprehends, is very great.

I am not saying that a clever young person cannot succeed through courses in some standard school of acting. A great many do succeed. But a great many others manage to get fairly good positions as a result of such training and to act, and yet never to be quite conscious of real ability.

Nothing ever happens to land the young actor or actress amongst the successful except ability and work. Managers who establish repertoire theatres with connecting schools of acting will ever keep this in mind and also will keep it constantly in the minds of the young students.

Still another Christmas present I think the managers should give the theatre-going public is the promise that more of the great classic plays be produced in a fitting manner. Unfortunately too many people seem to regard the classics as something belonging always on the book shelves. Many people of

(*Concluded on page* 406)

From a portrait by Sarony

MARGARET ANGLIN

Photos White

FELIX KREMBS AND JANET BEECHER
IN "UNDER SENTENCE" AT THE HARRIS

JOHN BOWERS AND REGINA WALLACE IN "RICH
MAN, POOR MAN" AT THE 48th STREET THEATRE

PERCIVAL KNIGHT AND HELEN BOND
IN "GO TO IT" AT THE PRINCESS

BRANDON TYNAN AND JOHN DREW IN
"MAJOR PENDENNIS" AT THE CRITERION

SCENES IN FOUR CURRENT METROPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

IRVING PLACE. "Der Lebende Leichnam." Drama in eleven scenes by Leo Tolstoi. Produced on October 18th with this cast:

Fedor Protassow	Rud. Christians
Lisa	Annie Rub-Foerster
Ssascha	Aranka Eben
Anna Pawlowna	Marie Kierschner
Karenin	Emil Hess
Anna Dmitrijewna	Grete Meyer
Fuerst Abreskow	Heinrich Marlow
Mascha	Grete Felsing
Iwan Makarowitsch	Bruno Schlegel
Nastassja Iwanowna	Marie Kierschner
Afremow	Wilhelm Muehlhan
Stachow	Curt Manthey
Korotkow	Ernst Holznagel
Alexandrow	Hanns Unterkircher
Pjetuschkow	Wilhelm Muehlhan
Artemjew	Bruno Schlegel

THE Irving Place Theatre has been giving performances of Tolstoi's play, "Der Lebende Leichnam," for the first time in this country. The baldly literal translation of the title is "The Living Corpse." An equally descriptive title in the German would be "Der Lebende Todte," which would more aptly correspond to "a living dead man," a line that is to be found in Shakespeare more than once.

Tolstoi was very frank in his dislike for the great British dramatist, and more than likely had this phrase in his mind from the very inception of his own idea. This shade of a difference in the title is not very material, perhaps, but John D. Williams, who is to produce the play in English, with John Barrymore in the title part, could hardly find a better title than the one suggested by the Shakespeare line.

Tolstoi was concerned more with his philosophy of life in certain relations than he was with theatrical effect, but in the very nature of the subject he could not escape the picturesque and the dramatic. He is more successful in what he did not particularly try to do than in what he did most earnestly try to do. The philosophy is summed up in a speech made by the living dead man before the court when he is hailed before it on the charge of conspiracy with his wife whereby she was enabled to marry and live with another man, thereby committing bigamy. She, as he knew, loved this other one. He disappeared, causing the report to be circulated that he had perished. He had found a congenial life among the Gypsies, abandoning himself to its music and wild freedom. He loves and lives with a girl of the tribe. He takes to the bottle and sinks lower and lower in drink. When discovered and then arraigned he is in rags. He has ruined himself, his wife, her "husband" and the Gypsy girl.

All of which, it would appear to me, is inconsistent with the advantages to be derived from freedom in love, the joys of music and "living one's own life." This wretch, fallen through his own weaknesses and vices, presents no strong living argument against society even at its worst.

However, the play is a good study of the processes of spiritual degradation and dissolution. It is loosely constructed in eleven tableaux, possibly the best way in which to handle the incidents of the play in so many diverse localities. There are also thirty speaking characters, some of them appearing in only one scene, but they are all the better characterized because of that.

Rudolf Christians, the Director of the German theatre, played the living dead man with distinction. While he did not individualize him in any marked degree as of any nationality, certainly not as a Russian, he was equal to the outbursts of passion and finally of despair as he seeks the solution in shooting himself. He is an excellent actor, and he might find a larger following should he essay the American stage.

SHUBERT. "So Long Letty." Musical farce in two acts. Book by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris; music and lyrics by Earl Carroll. Produced on October 23rd last with the following cast:

Letty Robbins	Charlotte Greenwood
Grace Miller	May Boley
Tommy Robbins	Sydney Grant
Harry Miller	Walter Catlett
Mrs. Cease	Vera Doria
Chita Alvarez	Frances Cameron
Sadie McQuiggle	Winnie Baldwin
Philip Brown	Percey Bronson
Billy Monday	Ben Linn
Chauffeur	Robert Calley
Dancers	Dolly and Madeline Cameron

"SO LONG LETTY" goes with such a swing, such unwearied vivacity and pattering of feet and flow of melody, interrupted now and then by intelligent comedy involving a consistent and interesting story, that it holds you with qualities unusual in comic opera.

One is not required to take too seriously the Robbins and Miller families when they rearrange their domestic relations so that the neighboring Letty Robbins and Harry Miller and the neighboring Tommy Robbins and Grace Miller exchange mates and habitations, in bungalows by the sea, for a trial living together for a week. To describe it as trial marriage would be to vitiate the affair and subject the production to rebuke. The fun-loving ones find that being mated with the sober minded and domestic is more congenial than the other way about. It is pure make-believe and comic opera irresponsibility, but it is capital comedy and makes a consistent story.

The exchange of wives by way of living together for a week, an idea that does not of necessity involve vulgarity and which can easily be guarded against in the production, is an excellent basis for legitimate comedy.

The songs are pertinent, too, for we learn that *"Mr. Patrick Henry Must Have Been a Married Man,"* a bit of information that is entrusted to Mr. Ben Linn; while Winnie Baldwin and Percy Bronson are vocal in their observations on the Apple in the Garden of Eden with *"Pass the Apples Once Again."*

Charlotte Greenwood, the Letty of the piece, has a ballad on *"Married Men"* after her experience with them. The drolleries of Charlotte Greenwood are unique. She is comely and lithe, but in her irresistable spirit of fun she translates her own grace into awkwardness and angularity at times. Long limbed she performs astonishing feats with sweeps of arm and leg. There is a scene in a bathing house, in semi-darkness, in which the nymphs of the sand disrobe, in union suits. That is questionable, according to the point of view, but not absolutely, for the vision is momentary and not obtrusive. It is something in the nature of pandering, but it belongs to the circumstances and is not interjected without reason.

The Cameron Sisters give an uncommonly good specialty dance.

COHAN. "COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN." Comedy in three acts by A. E. Thomas, based on the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. Produced on October 23rd last with the following cast:

Olivia Daingerfield, alias Jane Ellen,	Ruth Chatterton
Elizabeth Daingerfield, alias Araminta,	Barbara Milton
Mrs. Falkener	Marguerite St. John
Cora Falkener	Alice Lindahl
Amanda	Mrs. Chas. G. Craig
Burton Crane	Bruce McRae
Thomas Lefferts	Harry Mestayer
Solon Tucker	Wm. H. Sams
Paul Daingerfield, alias Smithfield,	Charles Trowbridge
Charles Daingerfield, alias Brindlebury,	Robert Ames
Randolph Weeks	Walter Connolly

YOU know what mostly comes out of this year's stage kitchen? Yes, that's right: sugar. In utter disregard of war prices Ruth Cinderella Chatterton brings us barrelfuls of it in A. E. Thomas's version of Alice Duer Miller's story.

Father, it seems, is very ill in Vienna (having "gone from Carlsbad and Marienbad to wurst"—dignified silence on the part of the audience). So Miss Chatterton's sample of the F. F. V. needs money.

It comes easy. A New Yorker is the fairy godmother. He is quite willing to pay rent for the old manse the same as if he were still in his New York flat—viz., $5,000 for six weeks. Only he must have a full staff of white servants thrown in. Having no white servants at hand, the Cinderella family decides to masquerade. Naturally, Ruth Chatterton plays cook. She also plays Peg o' My Heart—not a bad idea, if it weren't for the fact that—well, maybe that accounts for the taste of our present-day audiences; so many Pegs have been driven into them from behind the footlights.

I don't have to tell you that the New York party includes some snobs and bounders for Miss Chatterton to play off her simple "Irish" wit against. Furthermore, there is much misunderstanding between master and "servants" meant to be amusing—which occasionally it is. And, oh, yes, in the end the rich man marries the "cook."

In so unreal and farcical a play no pathos could possibly ring true. The one really pathetic thing about "Come Out of the Kitchen" is the fact that it is a puerile play, for the most part amateurishly acted. The dialogue is generally childish or dull, and the Southern accent is usually terrible. Miss Chatterton still weeps copiously. Bruce McRae seems bent on imitating Ralph Herz. Mrs. Craig and Messrs. Trowbridge and Mestayer are excellent; but the rest—no, I won't say it.

GARRICK. "CATHERINE." Comedy in four acts by Henri Lavedan. Produced on November 11th with this cast:

Duc De Coutras	Edgar Becman
Georges Mantel	Paul Cerny
Vallon	Marc Lomon
Baron Frouard	Tourneur
Frederic	André Chotin
Paul	Bernard Rosselet
M. Lucas	Pierre Mindaist
Le Domestique	Bernhey
Duchess De Coutras	Jennie Diska
Catherine Vallon	Yvonne Mirval
Hèlène	Dione
Baronne Frouard	Andrienne Dagairy
Madeleine De Coutras	Jeanne Rolle
Blanche Vallon	Paulette Noizeux
Jeanne	Georgette Ducellier

IF the management of the American Théâtre Français hopes to draw any kind of patronage they had better realize before it is too late their many mistakes.

On what ground, I should like to know, do they charge $5 a seat for the opening night, plus ten cents for a program? For that price one might expect at least some good acting. Some of the players in the present cast would not be allowed to appear in the remotest French provincial town.

We have been told that the artists have not yet arrived. Then I'd wait, Mr. Director. It's better to wait than to bore your auditors.

Annie Russell gave us "Catherine" in English back in '98 when we were fighting the Spaniards. Age has not withered the utter perfection of the piece's heroine. She out-Griseldas Griselda. She is Clarissa Harlowe's French twin sister, and her name is really Saccharissa Harlowe.

Perhaps in writing "Catherine" M. Lavedan was trying to atone for his picture of vicious boulevard life drawn in *"Les Viveurs"* and *Le nouveau Jeu."* Anyhow, he turned out a play that might with all propriety be acted for a Sunday School entertainment. And considering the unreality of "Catherine" as compared with the other two, I for one should have preferred either of the more daring plays at this time. They at least tell a good deal of truth about life, and M. Lavedan excels only as a chronicler of human manners and character.

The French players' acting lent nothing to the effectiveness of the performance. It was all dreary, dull, and pointless. That such a performance should be offered to American playgoers as typical of the French stage at its best is absurd, to say the least.

CRITERION. "MAJOR PENDENNIS." Comedy in three acts by Langdon Mitchell, from Thackeray's novel. Produced on October 26th with this cast:

Major Arthur Pendennis	John Drew
Arthur Pendennis	Brandon Tynan
Mrs. Helen Pendennis	Edith Shayne
Morgan	John S. O'Brien
Laura Bell	Helen MacKellar
Lady Clavering	Alison Skipworth
Blanche Amory	Helen Mencken
Harry Foker	Walter Kingsford
Lady Rockminster	Alice Chapin
Fanny Bolton	Mary Worth
Captain Jack Costigan	Lester Lonergan
Emily Fotheringay	Jane Houston
George Warrington	Leonard Willey

IF a playwright cannot make an entirely satisfying stage version of "Pendennis" the producer at least should see that Thackeray's characters are visually realized.

No dramatist living could make a play of "that characteristic young snob" that would please all. What Mr. Langdon Mitchell has done is to select four episodes in the life of young Arthur and then try to make his uncle, the Major, the protagonist. His accomplishment is on view at the Criterion, with John Drew as the Major.

In the opening act, Mr. Mitchell is at his best, which after all is inevitable, since it is that redoubtable scene in which the Major in his interview with Costigan effectually squelches the *affaire de cœur* between Arthur and the Fotheringay. There was atmosphere here which later vanished in a mad scramble of unrelated incident and action.

To one unfamiliar with the book, it would be a fair query; what is it all about? This, perhaps, you will says, seems harsh. Perhaps it is, but I think it is just, for while any enterprise in the direction of a high literary ambition should be encouraged, it is unfair to a public to say a thing is good when it isn't..

So we'll have to let it go at that—"Major Pendennis" is not a good play but it has moments of picturesque movement and presents John Drew in a part that calls for a display of qualities ever latent, but for which for years there has been no demand. It is a sound, virile and

affectionate rendering of the snobbish old buck which Mr. Drew gives. It is instinct with the dignity of good breeding, suavely persistent, graciously formal, altogether a fine histrionic portrait.

Brandon Tynan is the Arthur. It is no disparagement to say he is utterly miscast. Mere outline as "The Begum" is, there is vitality and verisimilitude in Alison Skipworth's performance.

Walter Kingsford imparts humor and dash to his assumption of Foker while a truly moving note is sounded by Leonard Willey.

Nearest to the Thackerayan ideal is Jane Houston as the Fotheringay. Lester Lonergan plays Costigan.

WINTER GARDEN. "Show of Wonders." In two acts and fourteen scenes. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg, Otto Motzan and Herman Timberg. Musical numbers arranged by Allen K. Foster. Produced on October 26th with this cast:

Hermit Joe	Edmund Mulcahy
Eve	Marilynn Miller
Iona Richley	Daisie Irving
Laura	Marie Lavarre
Vivian	Eleanor Brown
Jack Christopher	George Baldwin
George Gloomy	John T. Murray
A Hunter	Eugene Howard
Sammy	Willie Howard
A Constable	Dan Quinlan
A Bear	James Grant
Pietro	Ernest Hare
Pansy	George Monroe
Modern Cleopatra	Doris Lloyd
Mr. Edgeon	Dan Quinlan
Hector	Tom Lewis
Mr. Manhattan	Sidney Phillips
Nip	Sam White
Tuck	Lew Clayton
Henry	J. H. Heath
Alexander	James McIntyre
The Gambling-house Owner	Otto Johnson
The Great Lover of the World	Alexis Kosloff
Virginia Judge	Walter C. Kelly
Henrietta	Grace Fisher

FOR the twentieth time they have changed the show, or at least the title, at the Winter Garden. You would scarcely realize that anything is new, however. Cast, costumes, chorus, comedy—all are hardy perennials in this hot-house. Naturally the gaudiest flower in the bouquet is Pansy George Monroe, and the sweetest bud is Marilynn Miller. Each, in fact, is a little too much so.

McIntyre and Heath are making their first appearance at this dear Jardin d'Hiver, but one could hardly call their gambling house act new. I find it long and boresome. Among the other vaudevillainous material employed to piece out this exaggerated Columbia burlesque "Show of Wonders" are Walter Kelly's excellent but superannuated Virginia judge and White and Clayton's extraordinarily grotesque dancing.

There is at least one novelty in the piece. At the end of the first act the audience not only gets an opportunity but is actually encouraged to throw things at the actors. Here's to the innovation—may its popularity increase! It's true the things are only very soft rubber balls, but American ingenuity should be at no loss to substitute.

I threw the missile which the highly decorated young chorus person in the aisle handed to me at the leader of the orchestra. He had persisted in interposing his opaqueness between me and the Egyptian dancer with the intermittent costume. Opaqueness in such an instance is too absurdly paradoxical to be endured.

Medleys of measures from familiar airs (unacknowledged) are prominent among the "wonders." At least, their tunefulness has been thoroughly tested in advance. Another marvel is the Pullman car scene in which George Monroe displays an extraordinary deficiency in berth control. Yet one more astonisher is the fact that they still let Willie Howard pretend that he is imitating David Warfield—and live.

Lack of space prevents detailing the other wonders. Just how wonderful they all are depends. If you are Dr. Watson, you will doubtless say, "Marvellous!" But if you are S. Holmes, Esq., of Baker St., London, "Elementary" will probably suffice.

39TH STREET. "Old Lady 31." Comedy by Rachel Crothers, suggested by Louise Forsslund's novel. Produced on October 30th last with the following cast:

Angie	Emma Dunn
Abe	Reginald Barlow
Nancy	Vivia Ogden
Mrs. Homans	Mrs. Felix Morris
Sarah Jane	Maud Sinclair
Abigail	Anna Bates
Blossy	May Galyer
Mary	Marie Carroll
John	Stuart Sage
Samuel Darby	Louis Fierce
Mike	Edward O'Connor
Elizabeth	Elizabeth LeRoy
Minerva	Lottie Church
Granny	Mary Davis
Hepsey	Mary Coleman
Hariette	Maud Terrell
Liza	Margaret Gallagher

FOR "Old Lady 31" I have nothing but praise. That is, nothing much. It's real. It's human. It's charming. It mingles humor and pathos with never a false note. It is beautifully acted—with two exceptions. It is a true comedy—at last!—coming at a time when comedy in America seemed a lost art. And it contains the most amazing and amusing aggregation of character types imaginable. What offers funnier possibilities than a scandal in an old ladies' home?

In a time when costumes were quaint old sea-captain Abe and his wife Nancy were ruthlessly sold out. Nothing remained but the old ladies' home for Nancy and the poorhouse for Abe—separation for two true lovers in their last days.

However, the thirty old ladies abruptly stopped being feline and took Abe into the home—to be Old Lady 31. It was an awful experience. Sometimes Abe could see a glimmer of sense in Mormonism, but inevitably he was driven to drink and flight. When he came back there was a letter for him, telling how his supposedly worthless mining shares had been sold for $8,000. Thereupon he and Angie adopted the male and female juveniles and settled down to giving all the old ladies a happy home.

Reginald Barlow is superb as Abe. Vivia Ogden, as a spiteful old maid; Maud Sinclair, as a sarcastic misanthrope; Mrs. Felix Morris, as a self-satisfied widow—all spiteful old cats—with souls—are delightful. So are motherly Anna Bates, kittenish May Galyer, woman-hating Edward O'Connor, and Louis Fierce—if that's really his name. The other women who had "bits," were most satisfying, particularly Mary Davis as Granny. Only the juveniles—both characters and players—struck a jarring note—not loud enough at that to do much harm.

And Emma Dunn—the star—as Angie! Melting voice, winsome personality, splendid art—if there's anybody on the stage lovelier than Emma Dunn, I want to see her.

EMPIRE. "The Basker." Comedy in four acts by Clifford Mills. Produced on October 30th last with the following cast:

George DeLacorfe	Cyril Maude
The Duchess of Cheviot	Maud Milton
Philippa DeLacorfe	Cynthia Brooke
Richard DeLacorfe	Hassard Short
Miram DeLacorfe	Madeline Meredith
Cyprian DeLacorfe	Frank Kingdon
Mrs. Cyprian DeLacorfe	Alice Gordon
Mrs. Terlbot	Florence LeClercq
Diana Terlbot	Muriel Martin Harvey
Mrs. Radford	Marguerite Leslie
Valet	Edgar Norton
Manders	Noel Leslie
Skrimpet	Edward Lester
Delderfield	James Kearney

IT is no discredit to Mr. Cyril Maude that in attempting the impossible in and with "The Basker" he did not achieve it.

As Cyril Maude and a middle-aged Englishman of title he is gracious and pleasing, with many an alluring trick of his art; but as the Duke of Cheviot he has not a friend.

The Duke is a Basker, preferring, we may assume without violence to the idea of the play, to spend his life witnessing dogfights and ratbaiting. To shirk the responsibilities of rank he seriously undertakes to transfer his estate and its appurtenances of heirlooms and the like to a distant good-for-nothing cousin.

With a nagging grandmother, the most pronounced type of British haughtiness, constantly nagging at him, and a sister, with pride of race written in her aristocratic face, always prodding him, it would seem to the casual outsider that his plan of basking was absurd in the premises. The Duke seems to have no political views whatever; he simply wanted to "bask." Bask in what and on what? The play may have had some remote, consistent and intelligent conception of what a "basker" is, but it is not self-explanatory in the story.

The Duke is persuaded by his valet to reconsider his position, the menial's success therein coming from his insistence that his master read the annals of the family. The Duke's grandmother has been presenting him on his every birthday a volume containing the exploits of his ancestors. Or was it a set of volumes? Or if she repeated this gift on birthdays, why not at the beginning of every month?

The Duke discovers that his rascally cousin has purloined and sold some of the heirlooms to raise money for his debts, whereupon he determines not to "bask," but to follow the menial's advice and be a man and incidentally a Lord. He also determines to marry the girl who was about to be led to the altar by his cousin. Without any passages of love between him and her he takes the girl to the church in her wedding array and, we are to suppose, has the waiting clergyman perform the ceremony without any of those preliminary arrangements that are commonly supposed to be necessary.

Maud Milton, as the Duchess, was a delicious bit of ancestral pretension and vanity. Miss Muriel Harvey, the girl in the case, was uncommonly pleasing. Edgar Norton was excellent as the valet.

REPUBLIC. "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE." Play in three acts by Clare Kummer. Produced on October 31st with this cast:

James Ludgate	J. Palmer Collins
Wickham	Harry C. Bradley
Wilbur Jennings	Roland Young
Ethel Deane	Ruth Harding
Alfred Weatherby	Walter Schellin
Gwendolen Morley	Helen Lee
Alec	Mac Macomber
William Gosling	Edwin Holland
Titcomb	Willis Reed
George Wimbledon	Edwin Nicander
Annabelle Leigh	Lola Fisher
John Rawson	Walter Hampden
Harry Murchison	Harry Ingram
Lottie	May Vokes

GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE" may be described as a futurist farce. It bears about the same relationship to conventional farce as the justly celebrated "Nude Descending a Stairway" bears to Titian's Venus.

Futurism, of course, means innovations. "Good Gracious Annabelle" is full of them. The background is what Robert Edmond Jones thinks is scenery. The author's technique would drive Harvard's well-known "English 47" to desperation. For instance, youthful playwrights, the new exposition consists in having two characters walk back and forth across the stage chattering the needful information with which the play starts. And it appears that the acting of the future is going to be done as much as possible with the players' backs to the audience.

So much for novelty. "Come Out of the Kitchen" has drawn the teeth of "Good Gracious Annabelle's" plot. Some cultured young persons in distress pose as the servants in the house of a rich Long Island estater. Result: mistaken identity and amusing *contretemps*. Nothing particularly futuristic about that. But comic slavey May Vokes wears her dress backwards and gets laughs on such lines as "Yes, I do need a nutmeg," and Walter Hampden, the $50,000-a-week Westerner, turns out to be the ex-hermit who had once treated the heroine as if she had been a Sabine woman and who now wants to set up housekeeping with her. (Oh, yes; they were married long before the play began.)

There are bright and satirical lines in "Good Gracious Annabelle," but they are few and far between. And a three-act farce with about enough situations for a ten-minute sketch is bound to leave plenty of time for sleep. The rest of the dialogue is either cheap or childish.

The cast includes two good actors: Edwin Nicander, who is capital as the perennially soused Long Islander; and Roland Young, who plays the poet—there must always be a poet in these backstairs pieces—with much distinction.

BOOTH. "GETTING MARRIED." Comedy in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced on November 6th with this cast:

Mrs. Bridgenorth	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
Collins	John Harwood
General Bridgenorth	Lumsden Hare
Lesbia Grantham	Hilda Spong
Reginald Bridgenorth	George Fitzgerald
Mrs. Reginald (Leo) Bridgenorth	Arleen Hackett
The Bishop of Chelsea	William Faversham
St. John Hotchkiss	Charles Cherry
Cecil Sykes	Hugh Dillman
Edith Bridgenorth	Virginia Fox Brooks
Oliver Cromwell Soames	Edwin Cushman
Mrs. George	Henrietta Crosman
The Beadle	Herbert Belmore

THE appendix to George Bernard Shaw's celebrated "Preface to "Getting Married'" is William Faversham's latest theatrical venture.

It is a kaffeeklatsch (without the coffee, which the audience sometimes sorely needs) in one part, but the author considerately drops the curtain twice during the evening so that the critics, professional and otherwise, may retire to the foyer and find out from one another what they think of the piece.

The thrilling narrative which "Getting Married" relates is as follows:

Guests assemble for the wedding of two young persons. The ceremony is deferred while all parties concerned say everything they can about matrimony. Then nearly everybody not already wed gets married.

You can imagine the fascination with which the audience follows this breathless plot.

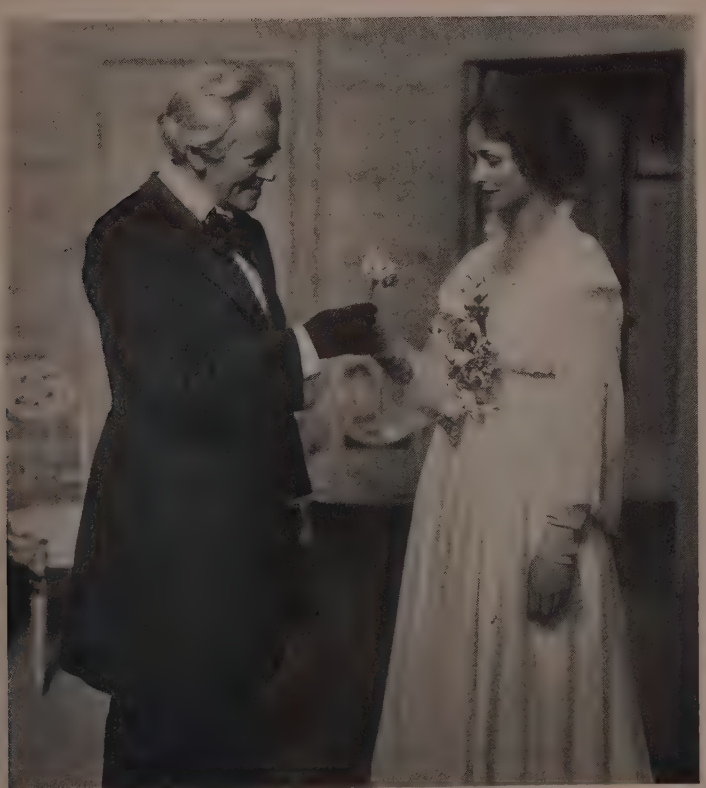
Mr. Shaw deserves much credit for the skill with which he has dramatized his preface. Nevertheless, as is the case with most dramatizations, one misses much of the spirit of the original. It is manifestly impossible to say in two hours' talk what you can print in one hundred pages.

Believing in giving the devil a fair chance, the author practices what he preaches and routs Old Nick completely. If there is anything left to be said against marriage, I don't know it. And yet the fact remains, as Mr. Shaw indirectly points out, that although matrimony is a wretchedly imperfect institution in which to live, somehow the rickety old affair often works.

(*Continued on page* 394)

Photos White Jane Cooper David Warfield

ACT 1. HERR ANTON VON BARWIG THINKS HE SEES A RESEMBLANCE IN HELEN STANTON TO HIS LONG LOST WIFE



David Warfield Jane Cooper

ACT 2. HERR VON BARWIG, HAVING CALLED TO GIVE MISS STANTON A MUSIC LESSON, BRINGS HER A FLOWER

Marie Bates David Warfield

ACT 3. HERR VON BARWIG BIDS GOOD-BYE TO MISS HOUSTON AND HER LITTLE DOG, SKIPPY

SCENES IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE MUSIC MASTER" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

EDWIN BOOTH'S REAL SELF

By AN INTIMATE FOR TWENTY FIVE YEARS

EVERYBODY who has published an estimate of Edwin Booth has expressed the opinion that he was little understood, and intimately known to but few.

This is emphatically and absolutely true.

But more true is it that while he yearned for intimates he was disqualified by nature to choose or attract them. A desire for confidants ever possessed him; but insurmountable buttresses, inherited from an erratic father and a shy mother, always stood in the way.

No son ever more closely resembled his parents than Edwin Booth. Exceeding oddity and eccentric traits in the father led unkind neighbors to say there was a tendency to insanity. But to my mind even morbidness is defining it too broadly. There was a heritage of queerness, however, that all the children had; and, singularly, it was the kind that did with the fewest possible intimate friendships. None of these Booths made friends easily. In an acquaintance of twenty-five years I observed how hard Edwin endeavored to overcome inborn reclusiveness, times when he literally forced himself to admit gentle, well-disposed familiarity from those who became known to the world as his intimates.

A temperament such as his, reluctantly surrendering to kindly approaches simply because of abnormal self-containment might, by the customary every-day amenities, be deemed morose, moody, or melancholy. Booth was neither. He was just reclusive.

His father, Edwin declared, had no intimates. He was naturally glum, silent and unapproachable. In public and private he inspired awe. When sober he was stolid; when inebriated irritable and excitable. He was a hard man to live with, and equally as difficult to act with. He endowed his offspring with much of his own silent bitterness. In them it took the form of reticence; a shrinking from close association with people; and Edwin had his share of it.

So, like many other people, Booth had a stronger yearning for friends than he had the temperament to indulge. Beside, he appreciated that his profession and the eminence of his position, removed him from the reach of that type whose friendship he most dearly prized; and that was one of the penalties he chafed against all through life.

WHENEVER I pass the Players' Club, in Gramercy Park, New York, I recall the numerous homes that Edwin Booth had during his lifetime; from the very humble one of his youth in Baltimore (which the family enjoyed far less than their farm in Bel Air, Maryland), to the lordly villa in Newport.

Booth professed preference for the modest home he occupied in the suburbs of Boston where I first met him, when he was in the throes of his life's major grief—the death of his first wife, Mary Devlin.

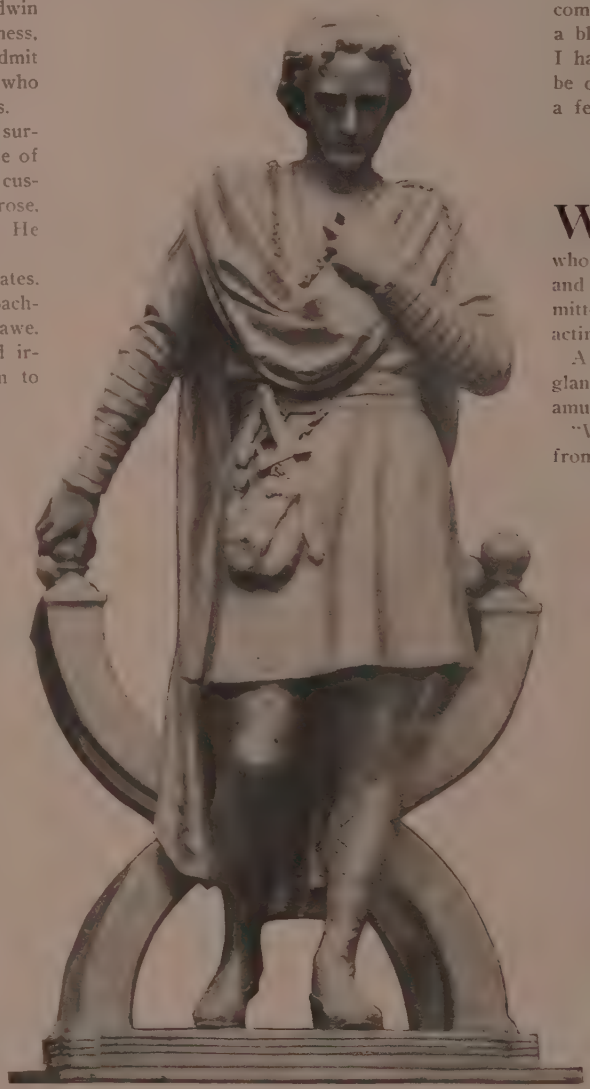
The members of The Players' Club scarcely knew the real Booth, because he was unable to be his natural self and at the same time fit the rôle urged upon him by the advisory *coterie* identified with its inception. In his latest years Booth was seldom his real self; but acted a part to which he was cast by the influence of well-meaning friends. He never regretted the society, companionship, and adoration of noted writers who luxuriously canonized him. How could he? They were so sincere, even if they did lay a hardship on him by trying to make the world believe that he was vastly erudite and something of a sage.

Booth had just closed his last engagement in Baltimore; and on Sunday afternoon the late W. E. C. Harrison and myself, at his request, called for him at the Mount Vernon Hotel, and took a carriage to Union Station for his New York train. During the week he had, contrary to desire, received socially the daughter of a Baltimore newspaper publisher who prevailed upon his dramatic critic to coax Booth into violating his rule toward the curious, and receive the young miss upon the ground that the paper had always "treated him nicely." The visit irritated Booth greatly, and elicitated a running commentary to Harrison and myself, sharpened with not a little resentment at the presumption of the request and the laborious effort forced upon him to try and support an altitude anything but agreeable.

"You have both known me for years," he said, "and neither ever detected any justification for all this homage I have to endure. It's a nuisance being posed. Over in New York they do it until I'm bewildered."

Alighting at the depot he took us each by the arm and went through an uncomfortable strolling up and down the platform outside the station (for he was painfully weak and unsteady on his feet) and continued to protest against the artificiality that had been lain upon him by an admiring contingency; calling them over by name and saying delightfully appreciative things of their motives.

"You haven't an idea," he continued, "how uncomfortable I get screwed up in a corner making a bluff of taking part in arguments with which I haven't a grain of sympathy, when I'd rather be off in some quiet corner telling stories with a few kindred souls."



EDWIN BOOTH—ACTOR

This statue of America's most distinguished player, which is to be unveiled shortly in Gramercy Park, New York City, opposite the Players' Club, is the work of Edmond T. Quinn and was the winning design in the competition of 1914. It shows Booth in the character of Hamlet.

WE were indebted for this confession to the intrusive visit of the publisher's daughter; who embarrassed Booth for an hour about books and authors entirely beyond his ken. He admitted finding such to be infinitely harder than acting Shakespeare.

A moment before the train rolled in he glanced down at his polished shoes, and, as if amused at the paradox, remarked:

"Well, I am shaking the dust of Baltimore from my feet. I shall never return."

This talk with him I could not help contrasting with my first, the morning after Mary Devlin died; nor can I fail to fill in between memories of many "talks" with the natural, uncanonized, unaffected, unacting, unhippodromed Edwin Booth.

I listened to too much concerning John Wilkes in Edwin's emphatic, epigrammatic style not to understand that he looked upon him as irresponsible. I also listened to too much political sentiment from Edwin not to realize that he belonged to the Southern element that valued Lincoln. And the notion always prevalent that he foreswore Washington in his tours because harrowed by sad thoughts is erroneous. During Arthur's administration he arranged to play in Washington; but was deterred because a rash journalist advertised the fact by reminding the public that he was "the brother of the man who assassinated Lincoln," which vexed him to cancellation of the engagement.

Edwin Booth was handicapped by misdirected kindness in being made to stand for eminence in scholarship that he did not possess. He loved and respected literature, but he himself made no claim to scholarship. It was the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich among others who toiled diligently to disseminate the idea that Booth was richly cultured because (*Concluded on page 400*)

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A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. FISKE

SHOW GIRLS YESTERDAY AND TODAY

By NED WAYBURN
WHO SELECTS AMERICA'S LEADING SHOW GIRLS

STRICTLY speaking, the show girl of yesterday is no more. Of course the same show girls who attracted the Tired Business Men—and there have been tired business men ever since business was invented—are no more. They are mothers and grandmothers. I mean that the same *types* of show girls who cavorted their Amazonian pulchritude before the audiences of a score or fifteen years ago have entirely disappeared, with the exception of the few in burlesque companies.

I do not know exactly where the chorus girl of yesterday has gone. But I do know that her type is no more with us and I suppose I am largely responsible for this.

In the old days the T. B. M. used to sit down front and try to appear unconcerned, even bored, as he gazed upon two or three rows of very large women in silken tights and satin or bespangled waists, who kept perfect marching step, lifted their feet rather high, carried spears or wands, and voiced (I cannot call it singing) some such sweet sentiment as this:

"We are jolly little fairies
So modest, blithe and true,
We prance in glee
Right merri-lee
And make our bow to you!"

To-day if a show pleases, you hear the comment: "Good comedy, good music, good singing, great girls—some show."

BUT that wasn't the Big Idea back in the old days. Book and lyrics amounted to little if anything. Plot wasn't looked for, some slapstick comedy was expected, and the comment was generally like this:

"You ought to go see the 'Midnight Queens,' great bunch of shapes there, old man."

The tired business man and his cousins and his uncles and his aunts would not care for that sort of thing to-day. And they do not get it. There are just as many show girls, but they are different—altogether different. Perhaps I can explain the difference.

When I first came to New York just twenty years ago, the large woman with full rounded figure, very much corseted, was in the height of her reign. She loved to be photographed in fleshlings, standing sideways that one might not miss any curves, and glancing coyly at you over her shoulder. The boys wouldn't buy anything except that particular brand of cigarettes which included in each package a picture of that sort of show girl.

As one who had to engage these show girls I used to sit back in my chair and look them over. If a "girl" stood about five feet eight or five feet ten inches and would weigh at least a hundred and sixty pounds I was ready to engage her if——

And the "if" depended upon how she appeared in tights. Sometimes she was prepared to exhibit herself in the conventional show girl costume of the day, which was as bereft of any hint of skirts as a billiard ball is of hair. But generally she produced a number of photographs of herself taken as I have just described.

CAN you dance?" was my first question after candidate for employment as show girl had filled the physical requirements.

If she admitted that she could not dance she was engaged on the spot, for chorus dancing wasn't much then, just a few fancy steps, enough music in her head to enable her to keep step when marching, and that was all. If she was especially attractive I would engage her and trust to her being able to move in time to the music at rehearsals.

Imagine doing that to-day!

Again I would ask, "Can you sing?"

"Certainly," was the invariable answer.

Perhaps ten per cent. of them could, but if I could get ten out of forty in a bunch who could sing I was satisfied. We didn't expect much singing. The audience didn't expect much singing, but we expected plenty of form of the large, Amazonian type.

Those days are over.

For example, when I selected the girls for the "Ziegfeld Follies" I picked the ones weighing from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I didn't want any over five feet five inches in height, five feet four suited me better.

And did I ask the girls to exhibit themselves in tights?

I should say not. Instead of saying: "Now let's see about your form," I said: "Please walk across the stage."

Looks like a simple test, doesn't it?

It is a decidedly difficult test. Some girls walk across a room as though they were afraid of stepping on eggs—and eggs are now sixty-five cents a dozen!

Others act as though their feet were blistered, or that they were loose jointed, or possessed some other faults which restrained the natural use of every muscle.

But some girls can just naturally walk across a room. They do not hop, nor slouch, nor go jiggelty-jiggelty with every step, nor even glide like a "movie vampire." They just stand up and walk across the room as though they wanted to get on the other side, as though it were their home, as though it were as natural for them to walk as to breathe.

WHEN they meet that test they are practically engaged. At least we strive to find in them sufficient of the other necessary good qualities to make it possible to keep them because the girl who can walk naturally is the girl who appears refined, graceful and as much at ease on the stage as is John Drew in a brand new two-season-in-advance suit.

Sometimes I ask them to put on the costume they will wear in the show if engaged. This they gladly do because any young woman would love to wear that costume, and love to take it home and hang it in her closet as her very own. It is a real costume, up to the minute, as to mode, expensive as to material and so thoroughly becoming to the right type that she cannot help but be attractive on the stage.

But as for the "shape" of the show girl of to-day, I never ask to see it. It isn't necessary. As she walks across the room I look at her ankles. If they are trim and neat and rather small, then I look at her neck. If that is smooth, shapely and small I am sure this young woman is shapely from a normal point of view, since the calf, in a well-proportioned girl, will equal the circumference of the neck in size.

Such a girl is engaged if she has a really good singing voice and can dance gracefully, not only all modern dances, but some fancy steps, just enough so that I know she can readily pick up the new fancy dances I am to teach at rehearsals.

But even all this doesn't explain the difference between show girls of yesterday and to-day.

We didn't care if the old-time show girls said: "I seen him twicet yisterday. I could have went," etc. All she did on the stage was to sing, or make believe sing a few lines about "merry villagers" or "modest little fairies."

And as the old-time show girls always marched on the stage, marched around and marched off or stood marking time with high-lifted feet until the curtain dropped we didn't care if she had a walking gait like a lame camel. They never danced about the stage in those old days in complicated routine of "steps" and "evolution."

TO-DAY our show girls are of a different type. They have an inborn air of refinement about them. They are physically and mentally different. They do not come to me with silk fleshlings in a bag to don for my judgment, nor a bunch of photographs of themselves in tights.

They come gowned in the simplest of neat, stylish clothes. They speak in a low refined voice because they know that it isn't height and weight and curves that count to-day, but natural feminine charm, refined personality and a trained voice.

Nine out of ten have been through a good high school or good private school. Their school gymnastics have made them graceful, with strong, muscular limbs. Their home dancing lessons have added to this grace, their studies

(*Concluded on page* 408)

Sarony

SYBIL CARMEN
in the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic"

AN OLD TIME SHOW GIRL

ANOTHER TYPE OF OLD TIME SHOW GIRL

Sarony

OLIVE THOMAS
in the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic"

TYPES OF AMERICAN SHOW GIRLS—OLD AND NEW

HOW I WRITE POPULAR PLAYS

By WINCHELL SMITH

CO-AUTHOR OF "TURN TO THE RIGHT," "THE BOOMERANG," ETC.

CONVICTIONS as to what the public will like in plays I have none. I don't know what theme nor treatment it is sure to approve. If I did I would never have had any failures. Theories I have, that I am glad to tell about, if you have patience to read. Every man likes to talk about himself. I've been an actor.

Sometimes my theories work. Sometimes they don't. Read them, "weigh and consider" according to Bacon, but, also Bacon, "don't take for granted."

I have concluded, from my own experience, that everything in a play comes nearer to registering if humorously treated. Even tragedy is made more impressive by humorous treatment. I continually ask myself, when handling a scene or a situation, "How can I put humor into it?"

There is a reason for this. It is very interesting and gratifying to see people go up to the box office and buy their tickets. After a good deal of difficulty they get tickets for the seats they want, settle into them and are ready for what they meant to buy, amusement. It's the business of those who write plays and manage theatres to amuse them. They don't go there to hear a sermon. At any rate no sermon that I can write. If I try to talk to them about life, and the lessons I have learned from it, they resent it. I don't blame them.

I TRY to write with one eye always on the audience. I have found it a help to visualize the audience. I keep my mind on a typical man in the audience and write to him. That man, I give you my honest, unsmiling word, is the man in the Worcestershire Sauce "ad." You've seen him, with napkin and moustache? That's the man. I ask myself: "Would he like this speech?" I answer: "No, he wouldn't," and cut it out. Sometimes, after thinking of his expression, I keep the speech in.

I learned from hard experience that it is not in my line of playwrighting to mount the pulpit. I tried it in "The Only Son." I got my idea from reading in the newspapers about Harry Thaw, and from watching him in a café. If Thaw had played about with other children and had his nose pulled, his ears cuffed and been pushed into the gutter when he was a child, I don't believe he would ever have committed a murder. You may be sure he will never kill anyone else. Prisons and insane asylums have given him the discipline he didn't get when he was a child.

Rich men's sons are no worse than poor men's sons at the beginning. But take the case of one of them when he has reached twenty-five and that of a boy who has had to take hard knocks and has profited by them, and a poor man's son has decidedly the advantage. I set out with that proposition and I began to think of what would knock the nonsense out of such a boy, what would knock him into shape. My conclusion was that that would be such treatment of his mother as, being rich and ingratiating, he had given to other women. The managers believed in the play and gave it mahogany office settings and almost marble background for the home, but the play was a preachment and the public stayed away. That taught me that I was no pulpiteer, that my function, if I had one, was the single one of amusement.

Nowadays a play must be good, plus. When I study the plays that are not drawing human lines to the box office I find that they are good, perhaps, but not good plus. There must be something in them beside the merit of being good. They must be good with an unexpected addition. Take the example of "Turn to the Right," a play that is "packing them in." That might have gotten along as a good, mediocre play with nothing new in it. It might have dragged along for a while, but the plus in it is the trick of the crooks stealing the money from the deacon and returning it before morning.

CRITICS have said "The Boomerang" has a trivial theme and is very "light waisted," but it has been running for a year, and has to have three matinées a week to fill the popular demand for it. A light play, to attain this very unusual popular success, must have a big plus—and most of the plus in "The Boomerang" is the fine acting. The play is a farcical treatment of jealousy, and the plus is the ability of the players to make the audience believe that the boy's love is real and big, so that they are sorry for him while they are laughing at him. Managers and authors often owe much to the actors.

That brings me to another of my working theories. I try my best to get the audience to like the characters, and to sympathize with them as soon as possible, so that through the rest of the play the audience is hoping that they will get what they want, whatever it is. That is a help to actors and playwrights alike, for it makes rooters of the people in front.

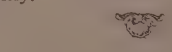
It pays a playwright to make all his characters likable. Sometimes this can't be done. The plot forbids it. But if unlikable characters are necessary to the development of the plot it is my theory that one should get them out of the way as soon as possible. The villain in "Turn to the Right" has no redeeming trait. There is nothing likable in him. But he is soon gotten out of sight.

On the other hand, there is the danger of the good characters being too good. We had trouble in keeping the mother in "Turn to the Right" from saccharinness. Our idea was that this mother is the Christ. She reflects the Christ principle. But we were afraid we couldn't put that over—that, rather, the effect might be unpleasantly sweet. We did everything we could think of to guard against this; but the best of all the things we did was to get Ruth Chester to play the part.

I CAN'T do so-called "fine writing" and I don't understand how anyone can if characters are made to talk as men and women of to-day talk.

I follow the plan of making clear to my own mind what has been happening among the characters between the acts. In the instance of one play I wrote forty pages of dialogue of what probably happened between the first and second act. It took me a week to do this, but it was worth while. I'm sure it made the second act more real than it would have been if I had not given a great deal of thought to what happened between the fall of one curtain and the rise of another. "Eight days have passed," I say to myself. "What have these people been doing? They have been doing something." Whatever is done before the next act gives momentum to that act itself.

My ideas for plays come from observations of life. The story of "The Fortune Hunter" goes back to the time when I was playing in "Secret Service" and I followed the fortunes of an actor in the company. He had been "let out" of two plays before he got the "Secret Service" engagement. He knew the managers who had discharged him thought he was a bad actor, and he began the "Secret Service" rehearsals with the horrible fear that they were right. His opinion of himself was being formed by what he felt others were thinking of him and he rehearsed badly. The stage manager told Mr. Gillette they ought to get rid of him. "We open first on the road," said Gillette. "Let's give him a chance. We can get another man before we come into New York." The actor made a big hit on the first night. The critics praised him. We, in the cast, changed our minds about him, and this soon caused him to completely change his mind about himself. He knew he was a good actor and didn't mind saying so. In fact, he admitted it frequently.



IT was upon the proposition that we are affected by the opinions of those about us to our benefit or detriment, that I built "The Fortune Hunter." A young man was regarded as a failure. Nobody thought he would make a business man. His friends told him so. He strayed into a small town where an idiot of a druggist admired him and told him he had business ability. The young man knew better. Still the favorable opinion braced him up. Result, success. But I didn't preach the sermon of the reaction of the opinion of others upon ourselves. I hid it in a story.

I never intended to write plays. I never suspected that I could. The idea of "The Fortune Hunter" I thought would be a good one for a book, and I wished that I knew someone who could write books, so that I could give him the idea.

I had been an actor and had taken up stage management. Frederick Thompson engaged me to produce "Brewster's Millions." Someone was under contract to dramatize the novel. I was engaged in June and rehearsals were to begin in August. August came and the company was ready for rehearsals, but there was no play. The dramatist had sent back the book saying: "I can't write it." "Then we'll have to drop it?" I asked. "No. There's a fortune in it," Thompson said. "You've got to write it." "I can't write a play," I protested. "Yes, you can. You are the stage manager. There's the book. Do it."

I knew Byron Ongley and knew that he was writing plays. He had read them to me and we had sat up all night talking about what should be done for them (*Concluded on page 402*)

White

ESTELLE WINWOOD IN "HUSH"
RECENTLY AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

TAYLOR HOLMES IN "HIS MAJESTY
BUNKER BEAN" AT THE ASTOR

White

JULIETTE DAY AND COURTNEY FOOTE IN
"UPSTAIRS AND DOWN" AT THE CORT

CYRIL SCOTT AND FAY BAINTER IN
"ARMS AND THE GIRL" AT THE FULTON

PLAYS THAT HAVE PLEASED BROADWAY

THE ACTRESS OF TOMORROW

By YVETTE GUILBERT

WHAT kind of woman will the actress of to-morrow be?

The actress of to-morrow must not imitate the actress of to-day, who learns, when she learns at all, while she is acting, without giving a thought to the fact that her total ignorance of letters and of art of all kinds makes her a doubtful scholar and an actress of undoubted inferiority. She may have talent, but how much more she would have and how much finer would its quality be if she had acquired some of the knowledge which she ought to possess!

The actress of to-morrow will start upon a more solid basis. To begin with, and above all, she will speak several languages, so that her renown need not be mechanically confined to one country. Even now, those actresses who are content with the success which they obtain at home confine their fame between very narrow boundaries, and can necessarily never become universal celebrities. As their careers are small ones, so of necessity are their reputations limited, and it is needless to add that by their ignorance of foreign languages they lessen the field of their activity.

The actress of to-morrow will belong to everywhere. She will act in French, in English, or any other language, wherever her presence may be called for. All stages will be "her stage." She will be summoned to create a part here or there, wherever the creation may be wanted. She will not vegetate in one single capital, waiting perforce for "the part," "the author," "the engagement," or "the manager"; but, well educated, fond of travel, and in possession of several languages, she will be the chosen interpreter of the work of the men of letters of her own and of other countries.

Imagine the glorious opportunities of the actress of to-morrow! Of course, she must be neither too small nor too thin, for heroines require majesty and stature. These are two necessary decorative adjuncts.

THERE will be a very great reform which will be of immense benefit to the actress of to-morrow. She will be obliged to spend a term—the length of which will depend on her activity and her intelligence—in a college created specially for her benefit. This institution, "The College of Literary Instruction," will have one object—namely, that of affording the intellectual nourishment to her powers of expression and of impression, which are quite indispensable to every woman destined for the stage.

So shall we have no more débutantes of eighteen. From the age of eighteen to twenty-four women will have a course of serious preparatory study in a literary college and a school of acting. For in our day the actress—who is, mind you, the interpreter in act and gesture of the thought of the man of letters—knows little or nothing about literature. This A B C of her profession will be taught her through books, by means of lessons to which she will have to listen, which she must learn, and which she will be expected to discuss, and this groundwork of knowledge will be the lifebuoy of the actress of to-morrow.

At the School of Literary Instruction she will learn of the great tragic episodes of Greek and Roman history. In our day the only insight into the life, customs, and the tortured souls of the heroes of the old tragedies which an actress obtains before she is asked to play the part of one of them, is very often gathered from the small paper-covered book given her to study the rôle. And she is so lost in the strange company of these formidable personages, to whom she attempts to give life and movement with the help of the advice of a counsellor, who is often little more informed than she herself, that she plays her part with a little diminished horizon, which her adviser—even if he have the power—has rarely time to widen or interest in widening, and makes her little gestures in a fog.

Photo Alice Boughton

YVETTE GUILBERT

In the costume worn to illustrate one of her Sixteenth Century Songs

THE actress of to-morrow will be spared this art which has no truth or conscience. She will learn and will know more about Socrates than the unvarying hemlock draught which pictures have perpetuated; she will become familiar with the great past of bronze and fire, the sumptuous and sanguinary combats from which emerged, victorious or vanquished, the legendary heroines whom she will be expected to portray. Which of the tragico-classic actresses who made their débuts yesterday have had the honesty to grope for knowledge of the past elsewhere than in the Græco-Roman novels which have chanced to be in fashion at the moment? I know more than one actress for whom "Quo Vadis" epitomizes all her knowledge of antiquity.

The actress of to-morrow will refuse to clothe Agrippina or Flavia in "Liberty" fabrics, she will not let Messalina flit about the stage in a spangled tunic, and her Cleopatra will have the terra-cotta face which nature gave her.

The actress of to-morrow will know how to draw, and how to take advantage of the treasures in our museums. She will know what difference to make between the types of a Greek, a Roman, or an Egyptian; she will know that a courtesan of Alexandria does not resemble a Roman or an Athenian courtesan either in line or in walk; she will know how to trace the arch of her eyebrows and the bows of her lips in accordance with the people and the country to which she belongs, and will no longer paint herself in unvarying pink and white, characterless and without either imagination or discrimination.

Having thus learned something, having thus gained from the literature she has absorbed a reserve fund of intellectuality, or, if you prefer it, a solid foundation of knowledge, the actress of to-morrow will become an intelligent, enlightened, and well-informed interpreter of literary effort, to whose highly strung sensibility the genius of great writers will lend wings for her flight into the realms of Phantasy and Dreamland. The school of literature will have prepared her, logically and progressively, for the journey.

THIS school would also organize traveling lectures for its pupils, not only visiting the museums of the different countries. Something might be organized in the nature of a Prix de Rome, which would be awarded to the most successful student of literature, and which would throw open to her not only the doors of the Paris Conservatoire, but the gates of Italy. A sojourn there would be of inestimable value to the dramatic artist, for where is the professor who can teach plastic art with the maestria of Michael Angelo? Titian and Rubens are excellent masters in attitudes, poses, and in coloring of costume and of scenery. What educated actress could fail to be usefully impressed by the literature of the Primitive school? The actress of to-morrow will undoubtedly gain inspiration there, and learn from the primitive masters how to reduce Truth to its most simple expression in a soul, or in a gesture, for the actress of to-morrow is symbolized in the Van Eyck or of Memling.

There are Phédres and Medeas to be seen in the faces of several of the martyrs in the pictures of Guido Reni, and I have seen the misery of Marguerite Gauthier in the faces of the women who follow our Lord. What actress will convey the intense sadness of expression in the face of a Mater Dolorosa drawn by Raphael? What marquises, soubrettes, and ingenues of the seventeenth and

(*Concluded on page* 406)

From a portrait by Sarony

LOUISE RUTTER

Playing Elsie Tillinger, a leading rôle in one of the season's biggest successes "Turn to the Right" at the Gaiety Theatre

EARLY AMERICAN PLAYGOING

By W. J. LAWRENCE

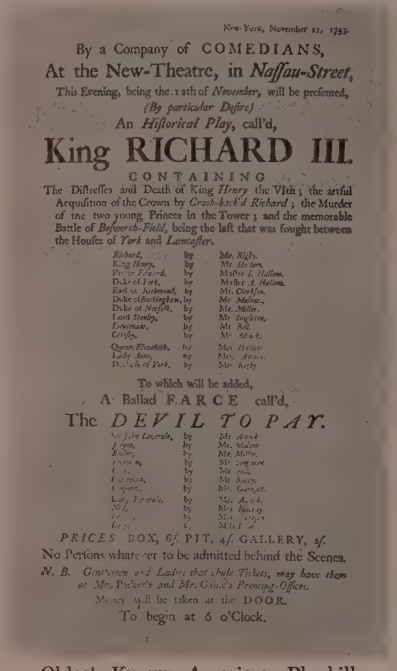
THROUGHOUT the greater part of the eighteenth century the drama in America was in leading strings. Confidence in its powers to walk alone came but slowly. So derivative were the playgoing customs established in colonial days that the delver into the past who should happen to be thoroughly conversant with the routine obtaining in the English theatre of the time could safely deduce them by analogy, even if all direct, illuminating records had disappeared.

The early American playgoer had essentially the courage of his convictions. His comfort was the last thing considered. Theatres were rigged up anyhow in already existing buildings. Ventilation, even in England, was then an unknown science. Heating in winter was crudely effected by large stoves, and the colonial playgoer found himself either parboiled or frozen.

Numbered seats were as yet an unconceived device and ladies who desired to secure places in the boxes had to send their colored servants to the theatre by four o'clock (or a good two hours before the performance began) to take bodily possession of them.

TO minimize the expense of wax and tallow the house was allowed to remain in semi-darkness until the time of "second music," when all the candles were lit. The term "second music" is explainable by the fact that at regular intervals before the performance a decidedly primitive orchestra beguiled the tedium of waiting by playing three selections of music. Many discomforts accompanied the old method of candle-lighting. Wax, on account of its extra cost, was only used on special occasions, such as benefit nights, and tallow was apt to gutter and scatter its hot grease on the dresses of the ladies. On the stage the candle-snuffer was continually in evidence. Occasionally he varied his regular duties by coming on as a super. What Washington Irving, in his rôle of Jonathan Oldstyle, wrote of his experiences in the pit of the New York Theatre in 1803 applies to an earlier period:

"I observed that every part of the house has its different deportment. The good folks of the gallery have all the trouble of ordering the music (their directions, however, are not more frequently followed than they deserve). The mode by which they issue their mandates is stamping, hissing, roaring, whistling, and, when the musicians are refractory, groaning in cadence. They also have the privilege of demanding a bow from John (by which name they designate every servant at the theatre who enters to move a table or snuff a candle); and of detecting those cunning dogs who peep from behind the curtain. 'My friend,' said I to the countryman, who complained of candle-grease falling on his coat, 'we must put up with a few trifling inconveniences when in the pursuit of pleasure.' 'True,' said he: 'but I think I pay pretty dear for it: first to give six shillings at the door, and then to have my head battered with rotten apples and my coat spoiled with candle-grease: by and by I shall have my other clothes dirtied by sitting down, as I perceive everybody mounted on the benches. I wonder if they could not see as well if they were all to stand upon the floor.'"



New-York, November 12, 1753.

By a Company of COMEDIANS,
At the New-Theatre, in *Nassau-Street*,
This Evening, being the 12th of *November*, will be presented,
(By particular Desire)
An *Historical Play*, call'd,

King RICHARD III.

CONTAINING

The Diſtreſſes and Death of King *Henry* the VIth; the artful Acquiſition of the Crown by *Crook-back'd Richard*; the Murder of the two young Princes in the Tower; and the memorable Battle of *Boſworth-Field*, being the laſt that was fought between the Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*.

Richard, by Mr. *Rigby*.
King *Henry*, by Mr. *Hallam*.
Prince *Edward*, by Maſter *L. Hallam*.
Duke of *York*, by Maſter *A. Hallam*.
Earl of *Richmond*, by Mr. *Clarkſon*.
Duke of *Buckingham*, by Mr. *Malone*.
Duke of *Norfolk*, by Mr. *Miller*.
Lord *Stanley*, by Mr. *Singleton*.
Lovelace, by Mr. *Rea*.
Catesby, by Mr. *Adcock*.
Queen *Elizabeth*, by Mrs. *Hallam*.
Lady *Anne*, by Mrs. *Adcock*.
Ducheſs of *York*, by Mrs. *Kelly*.

To which will be added,
A Ballad FARCE call'd,
The *DEVIL TO PAY*.

Sir *John Loverule*, by Mr. *Keyſar*.
Jobson, by Mr. *Malone*.
Butler, by Mr. *Miller*.
Footman, by Mr. *Singleton*.
Coachman, by Mr. *Rea*.
Cupert, by Mr. *Campbell*.
Lady *Loverule*, by Mrs. *Adcock*.
Nell, by Mrs. *Harper*.
Betty, by Mrs. *Singleton*.
Conjurer, by MILLER.

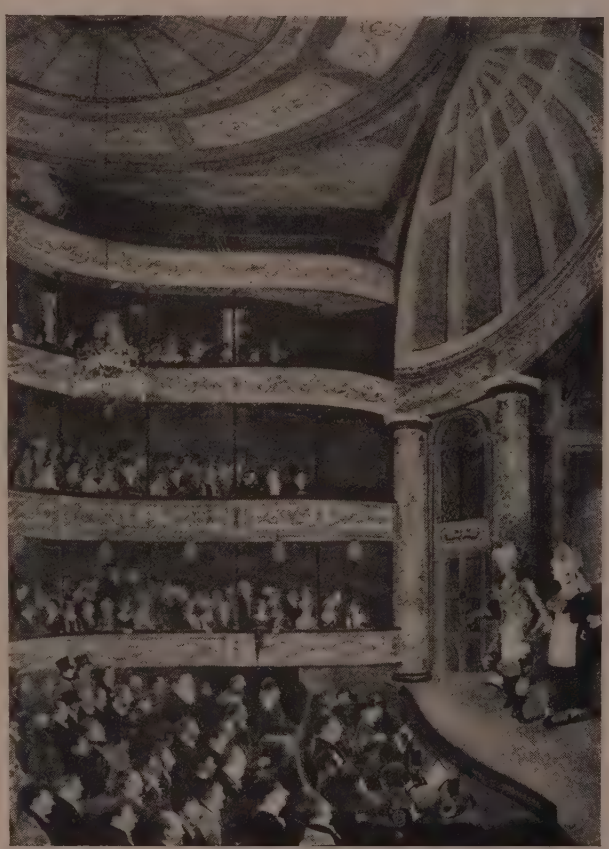
PRICES BOX, 6*s*. PIT, 4*s*. GALLERY, 2*s*.
No Perſons whatever to be admitted behind the Scenes.
N. B. Gentlemen and Ladies that chuſe Tickets, may have them at Mr. Parker's and Mr. Gaine's Printing-Offices.
Money will be taken at the DOOR.
To begin at 6 o'Clock.

Oldest Known American Playbill

Some of the customs spoken of here were pretty venerable, two of them, the habit on the part of the audience of calling for certain popular tunes and the practice of removing chairs and tables from the stage in full sight of the spectators, having come straight down from Shakespearean times. As in London and Dublin throughout the eighteenth century the conduct of the gods was consistently ruffianly. They sturdily maintained their rights to call for what tunes they pleased in the intervals and when not acceded to, thought little of assailing the unfortunate fiddlers with apples, stones and other missiles. So greatly were they lacking in all sense of artistic propriety that in New York in 1794, on the occasion of the first production of Mrs. Hatton's comic opera, "Tammany, or the Indian Chief," they hissed Hewit, the composer, who was leading the orchestra, for not complying with their demand for some popular air.

At Baltimore matters were complicated by the free and easy custom of serving wine to the sailors seated in the auditorium viewing the performance. This, too, was a relic of a Shakespearean custom better honored in the breach than the observance. Elsewhere drink, although not served by regular waiters as in Baltimore, was allowed to be brought into the house.

At the New York Theatre on November 2, 1796, during the performance of the overture to the afterpiece of "No Song, No Supper," two sea captains, ensconced in a stage box, grew so hilarious from repeated libations that they peremptorily demanded *"Yankee Doodle"* from the fiddlers, and, on being hissed by the audience for their impropriety, proceeded to throw sundry missiles into the orchestra. A riot followed, and the offenders were dragged from the box and flung into the street. A little later they returned, accompanied by a number of sailors, and stormed the theatre, only to be ultimately arrested by the city watch. One salutary result of this disturbance was that the managers announced their intention of not allowing any liquor to be brought into the theatre 'till the conclusion of the first piece, a reform paving the way to complete prohibition. Nothing so subtly distinguishes the American theatre of today from the English theatre as the absence of the saloon and all that appertains thereto.



Interior of the Park Theatre, New York, November 7, 1822, showing Charles Matthews, the English comedian, and Ellen Johnson, dancing in the farce "Monsieur Tonson." The people seen sitting in the pit are all actual portraits from life of well-known first nighters of that day.

(From a water color drawing by John Searle in the possession of the New York Historical Society. Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.)

LONG after the old Shakespearean custom of allowing spectators to sit on the stage had fallen into desuetude in the country of its origin, the baneful practice had some sway in America. In 1762, at the Chapel Street Theatre, New York, Douglas conceded the privilege to such gentlemen as had paid the regular price of admission to certain of the boxes. The consequence was that history repeated itself. In Shakespeare's early day stage-haunting had "wronged the general eye," so much so, indeed, that the stinkards of the **(*Concluded on page* 404)**

From a photograph by Hartsook

RUTH CHATTERTON

As the Cinderella cook in A. E. Thomas' comedy
"Come Out of the Kitchen" at the Cohan Theatre

THE VARIETY STAGE

By NELLIE REVELL

IF the practice of presenting acts touchin' on and appertainin' to, as Chief Devery was wont to say, gems and precious stones continues at the Tiffany's of the varieties, the sumptuous Palace, it is not beyond the realms of possibility that each patron upon application at the box office will be required to furnish proof of his or her knowledge of diamonds and other brilliants before receiving the coveted pasteboards of admission.

Which reflection is inspired by the recent display of jewels, or rather playlets revolving around jewels, at the Broadway temple dedicated to the Goddess Vaudeville. In quick succession came Josephine Victor in "The Pink Ruby," a melodramatic sketch by John Willard, originally done at a Twelfth Night Club entertainment, and Emmett Corrigan, in "The Van Lowe Diamond," a dramatic offspring of Oliver White's, an author who has achieved signal success in vaudeville.

Both players are gems of the purest ray serene when it comes to dramatic talents, but Palace patrons, qualifying as experts in determining Kohinoors, Keithnoors or Becknoors, did not express as much admiration for Miss Victor's ruby as they did for Mr. Corrigan's diamond. The latter, having more fire and sparkle, proved far more fascinating, but after all that was to be expected, for diamonds always possess more attraction for the rank and file of the people than do rubies.

THIS tendency to exhibit jewelry on the vaudeville stage may be expected to develop the public's critical inspection to the highest efficiency. Long ago it was realized that all is not gold that glitters in the theatre with the result that the playgoer has become apt in adjusting to the eye the examining glass and scrutinizing for possible flaws and blemishes. Past performances of legitimate stars who have been content to bask in the effulgence of their own lustre without proper regard for their setting has been largely responsible for this attitude.

"The Pink Ruby" of Miss Victor's was so obviously a counterfeit that the Monday matinée audience gave vent to its merriment at points in the miniature melodrama's unfolding where the author devoutly wished for anything but mirth and laughter. This, of course, was most disconcerting as well as rude and impolite, but unfortunately theatre spectators, especially those constituting the first matinée audience at the Palace, seem to think it their heritage to express their likes and dislikes in a no uncertain manner. The visualizing of Nick Carter and Old Cap Collier, while popular in the movies, has no place on the Palace stage, according to their mandates, hence the rejection of "The Pink Ruby" as spurious.

"The Van Lowe Diamond" of Mr. Corrigan's under the acid test of the public's inspection, established the fact it wasn't made of that vitreous composition known as paste. To start with the character Mr. Corrigan impersonated, that of a valet who for the best purposes of the sketch is not all that he seems appealed to the imagination of the audience, his masquerading in false colors furnishing one of the surprise moments which playgoers delight in. Proficient in the delineation of crook parts, it is quite possible that Mr. Corrigan one of these days will burglarize a dramatist's apartment and steal for himself a sketch worthier of his talents, whereat his admirers will not only condone the crime but will also rejoice mightily.

HOWEVER not all the new acts of the month have to deal with precious stones. An exception, although properly enough it has to do with bodily ornament, is the latest creation of Edgar Allan Woolf called "Gowns" and admirably fitted to the charming comedy lines of Mrs. Gene Hughes. Skill in modelling smartly fashioned vaudeville vehicles has long been apparent in Mr. Woolf, who has come to be regarded as the Calot among the variety designers, Mrs. Hughes, too, seems to have studied what best becomes her, and with the aid of friend husband in helping to select the material, the trio constitute a combination which invariably results in this artist's entertaining clothes being the envy of her less fortunate sisters in art.

The happy idea that clothes make the woman is the basis for this sartorial comedy. The wife of a moving picture director, upon a visit to a fashionable dressmaker for quite another purpose, is persuaded to don one of the modiste's most entrancing concoctions with the result that she captivates her husband and a domestic tragedy is averted.

Diamonds, rubies and clothes appear to have entered into the affairs of the new acts in vaudeville in a most obtrusive way. Another act in which the family jewels are involved is that of Charles E. Evans and company, whose comedy sketch, "A Forgotten Combination" easily masters the secret of the combination to the audience's heart. Much of the fun of this playlet centers around the fact that the Newweds' diamonds are stored. The entrance of a burglar, who is surprised after opening the repository, effects a reconciliation and otherwise straightens out a tangle which keeps the spectator in rare good humor.

One consecutive week in vaudeville tells the story of the worth of the singing vehicle in which appeared Natalie Alt, remembered for her appearances in "Adele" and "The Girl Who Smiles." Her experience is another sacrifice to the fallacy of believing any sort of an act will do, although in this instance there appears to have been an effort to court favor, however misdirected it was. A herd of musicians on the stage, incompetent as compared to the regular theatre orchestra in the pit, and a pianist obsessed with the idea that he was as important to the act as the singer herself helped to make Miss Alt a successful failure. Someone should take this particular individual aside and gently but firmly tell him that a pianist is nothing but a frame to a picture and explain that when a frame becomes too conspicuous and submerges the picture the picture loses its value as does also the frame.

WHILE not the best sketch he has ever appeared in by any means, "The Frame-Up," the new offering of Claude Gillingwater, one of the most dependable of the vaudeville headliners, has many things to commend it. Its story is reminiscent of his "Wives of the Rich" both having to do with a man of big affairs who neglects a beautiful spouse starving for love. In the latter a dream brought the man to a realization of the chasm that threatened to engulf them but in "The Frame-Up" the woman's brother awakens the man by entering into a conspiracy to have a pseudo lover lay siege to the wife's affections in the husband's presence. Mr. Gillingwater is always a capable, thorough artist and it is worth the price of admission alone to note the nonchalant manner with which he smokes a cigar on the stage.

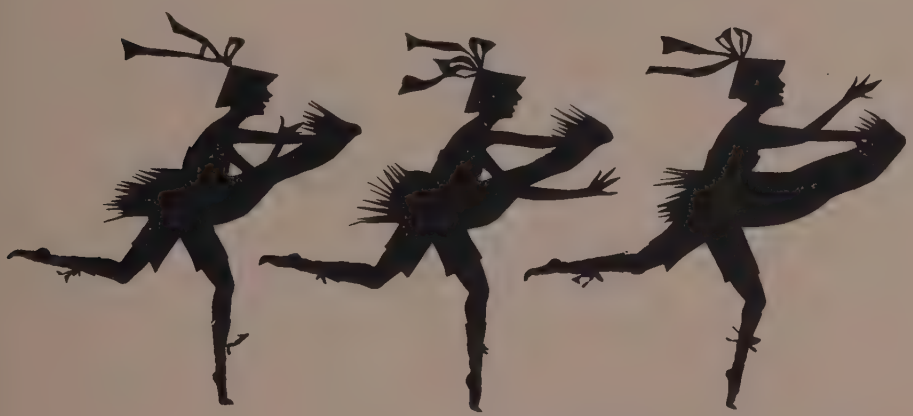
The simulation of inebriated gentlemen wearily wending their way homeward from the club has become an art so indelibly linked with the stage appearance of Will H. Macart that it is doubtful if audiences would accept him in any other characterization. Hence it is not surprising that his latest conceit, "Love, Honor and Obey" in which he is ably aided and abetted by Ethelynne Bradford, one of the acknowledged beauties of the stage, reintro- (*Continued on page* 406)

Photo Tarr

MURIEL WINDOW
A popular favorite recently in vaudeville and now in "The Century Girl"

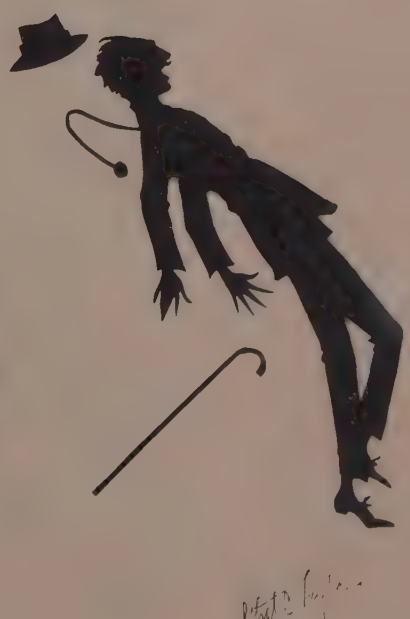
This is the Youth, "s'tired, y'know,
Of the deuced pleasaws New York could blow."
This is the Dame, who loved him so,
That she bought him a part in a Broadway show.

This is the Manager, round and sleek,
Who put on the show for just one week.
'Twas Gold that paved the road to Fame,
So what cared he if nobody came.



This is the Chorus that put over a ditty,
As he swanked, and posed, and tried to look witty.
The claque was s'jolly, he thought it a pity,
Not to give them an encore, artistic and skitty.

This is the encore, "L'Après Midi d'un Faune,"
That froze the applause, like a cold, grey dawn.



This is the Door-Keep, whose stern sense of duty,
Made him censor the show with the tip of his bootie.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A TWENTIETH CENTURY FAUN

Silhouettes by Ethel C. Taylor

MOTHERHOOD AND ART

By HELEN TEN BROECK

DOES motherhood interfere with an actress' art?"

It was Blanche Bates, actress and mother of two adorable babies to whom the question was put, and the answer was a ringing and resonant "No"—a no that vibrated with conviction and authority.

If the cleverest of stage scenists had devised the Reinhardt-Belasco setting in which the inquiry was uttered and answered, he could have created no more fitting and inspired *mise-en-scène* than the effective surrounding amid which the actress was surprised by the questioner.

A deep, shady porch, carefully screened against insect invasions, opening from a fascinating library, looked out across the fertile rolling acres of Miss Bates' farm, to a sky line of serrated hills beyond which the placid Hudson gleamed, here and there between the blue crests. Here sat the actress in a summery gown of fluff and foolish little flowers. A pile of books was at her elbow on a wicker table, and one volume, evidently laid aside but a moment before, lay open, face downward beside them.

Against her lap leaned a big-eyed tot, whom not even the severity of an interviewer's frown sufficed to awe out of her insistance for another "'tory." Gathering her tiny daughter into her arms the actress-mother declared very trenchantly various views upon the relations of Art and Motherhood.

WHAT is Art," she cried, "especially the art of the theatre, except a reflection of the ideal? It is the prerogative of the player to reflect the playwright's ideal of human action—human emotion, human temptations, triumphs, and human failures, too, and human mistakes. As man is a microcosm, embodying all the elements of the universe, so the stage is a microcosmic world, showing in every phase of his existence, every sort and condition of man. All that we can know of man, is the little self-expression possible within the short span of years we call life.

"And when we say that the stage is a reflection of human life, we virtually challenge the actor to place himself on judgment; for his art is fine and true only so far as it expresses the immediate urge behind the human action of the character he portrays."

The deep-fringed, big eyes of Miss Bates' little daughter had closed in the swift falling sleep of healthy childhood, long before her mother had finished laying down this proposition of art, and a silence broken only by the out-of-door sounds of midsummer fell while the mother stepped softly down the porch and placed the beloved burden upon a hammock to finish her nap. The shrilling of locusts, the insistant hum of honey bees, the far-away lowing of cattle, the cluck and cackle of near-by fowls, the call of birds and insects, all broke the mystery of summer silence with the deeper mystery of summer sounds, until Miss Bates returned to take up her parable at the very point where she left off.

AND the action in which a life expresses itself is the outward interpretation of what life means to the individual. Each life, every life, all life is expression; no life means more than it expresses."

"But each of us has throbbing depths of feeling we carefully seek to conceal from open expression——" I began.

Miss Bates interrupted with a gesture of negation.

"The things within us, to which we refuse expression," she said, "are the things we must live over again, right out in the open in this life or another one, until we have expressed ourselves fully. The fullest, completest life like the fullest and completest art, is that which most truly expresses itself.

"The ideal life is one that is positive and constructive to the highest degree, but I believe as fully as I am capable of believing anything, that a great positive criminal is more fully alive than the spineless negative man or woman who lacks vital energy to give expression to any principle or any prejudice he holds as truth. At least the criminal expresses himself."

I gasped in an effort to assimilate this statement. "That's pretty high thinking," I faltered.

"As a mother," proceeded Miss Bates, ignoring the interruption, "a woman falls short of living the richest and fullest life by so much as she fails to express motherhood in its finest phases. So with wifehood. So with sisterhood; so with daughterhood. The success of a life in each of these relations is measured by the fulness of expression to which it gives itself. The woman who teaches, the woman who paints, the woman who makes dresses or carves statues, can only hope to win a success gauged by the expression she is able to give to her ideal—and whether she expresses herself in the fabric of a frock, the modelling of a pagan god or the painting of a madonna, her work is fine only insomuch as it represents what she sees as the perfect gown, the perfect statue, the perfect picture. Most of all is expression the end and all of the actor's art. And it is given to the flaming few to express, by the intuitive grasp of genius, the heights and profundities of human emotion, without the broadening vital lessons of human experience. The more one expresses in one's own emotional life, the more deeply one is able to reach down into the depths, the higher one is able to soar among the stars, to give expression to the big emotions that constitute the human drama. Joy, sorrow, rapture, despair, laughter, tears, all these things come to the life that gives full expression to high meanings, and all these things equip an artist to express the same emotions in a stage character. And that is why motherhood equips rather than handicaps an actress. I am a suffragist, a feminist, an individualist, and an ardent subscriber to every 'ism' and 'ology' that has to do with the advancement of my sex, but I hold as my firmest, my highest, my most irrefutable belief, that the highest good that can come to woman is motherhood."

Photo Genthe

BLANCHE BATES AND HER TWO BABIES

MISS BATES had unconsciously risen as she spoke, and she looked like some sybylline seer as she paced up and down the porch, pointing her gestures (and she always makes gestures) with a long-stemmed tiger lily snatched from a blue jar.

"It is motherhood," she cried, "that links a woman with heaven, and makes the ways of earth a path enchanted to her feet. And with earth and heaven in her heart, how can she help being able to give a truer expression to stage ideas and ideals than the artist to whom the crown of motherhood (poor thing) is denied?"

With a whimsical smile Miss Bates reseated herself beside the wicker table. "Of course, if you didn't know that you came upon me without warning, like a visitation from heaven," she said, "you would never (*Concluded on page* 402)

From a photograph, copyright, by Ira L. Hill.

FLORENCE WALTON AND MAURICE

These popular exponents of modern dancing are now appearing with great success in "The Century Girl"

White

MRS. FELIX MORRIS
As Mrs. Homans in "Old Lady 31"

Photos © Floyd

GABRIELLE PERRIER
Who has made a tremendous hit as the Mother in "Pierrot the Prodigal." (Above, as herself.)

White

EMMA DUNN
As Angie in "Old Lady 31"

White

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM READING GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "GETTING MARRIED" TO HIS COMPANY
Standing from left to right: Hugh Dillman, John Harwood, Edwin Cushman, Herbert Belmore. Seated from left to right: Lumsden Hare, Hilda Spong, Arleen Hackett, George Fitzgerald, Mrs. Edmund Gurney, Virginia Fox Brooks, Henrietta Crosman and William Faversham

FACES ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

By MLLE. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES

WHAT with the various Horse Shows of greater and less degree and the opening of the opera season, the past few days—and nights—have been a riot of raiment; dazzling, but difficult to set down in cold print.

At the opera one cannot avoid noticing that Dame Fashion as she struts about this year is swathed in furs. It is written in the bright decalogue of smartness, that, no matter how short the dress thou wearest, thou shalt not appear in sables or ermines that fail to sweep the ground when thou walkest.

There is, seemingly but one modish young matron in the opera set so certain of her own smartness that she dares break that command. Mrs. Vincent Astor is wearing a very attractive coat of ermine that shows a modified Russian surtout effect. It is a full-skirted garment that only reaches her ankles, with a sharp flare from the waist, exactly like those worn by the fur-clad drivers of Russian troikas along the Nevski Prospekt. A deep collar of quite novel cut shows a "fence" that stands high or lies smoothly over a pointed effect, the under collar being edged, as are the sharply turned sleeves, with lustrous ermine tails. The lining? Ah, that is scarcely like anything ever dreamed of by a troika driver, for the regal garment is doublée throughout with supple sloth of silver with large satiny discs woven into the fabric.

Another ermine cloak worn at the opening of the opera was bordered and collared with deep silver fox, the rich dark pelt gleaming like satin over the snowy fur. This sumptuous garment quite concealed all of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney except the tip of her nose and her slippered feet, for the high collar circled her face like a hood. It was stunning, but I suspect it tickled the wearer's Vanderbilt nose, because she sneezed violently while stopping, here and there, en route to her box. I do not remember ever having seen Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., look lovelier than at this year's first performance at the Metropolitan. Her costume was an unusual one of white soirée, heavily brocaded—perhaps I should say embossed—in silver, while touches of black brought out the wearer's rich coloring. Tiny sleeves of beautiful brocade replaced the almost inevitable shoulder straps of the season.

Even more admired than when she occupied the Astor box and was the observed of all observers was Mrs. Dick, whose frock was an adorable creation of maize velvet with deeply pointed triple tunic of chiffon of the same delicate color. The narrow train of velvet was cut off quite squarely, and the bodice of velvet of the mediæval genre that suites la belle Madelaine so well, was bordered, as were the chiffon tunics with a beautiful embroidered design in very pale blue paillettes combined with crystal and pearl beads and touches of gold. Mrs. Dick's modiste accomplished the impossible and gave a touch of novelty to this creation by draping the arms with long, twisted sleeves of the maize chiffon—so delicate in fabric and coloring as to be almost indistinguishable except for the border of embroidery that formed a bell-shaped cuff falling over the hand.

Another charming dress with the mediæval touch which Mme. Julie delights to use in slim figures, was worn by Mrs. Drexel-Biddle. The cuirass of metal brocade was gorgeously Oriental in effect and the billowy skirt and deep angel-sleeves were of faintest heliotrope chiffon with successive underlying falls of absinthe, blue, orange, rose and silver chiffon. Silver chiffon, by the way is the wispiest bit of glitter ever woven. It is more filmy than film, more cobwebby in texture than the fairiest cobweb, and is the exclusive importation of but two modistes out of the hundreds that flourish along the avenue.

It isn't often that one is able to say of any gown that it is the handsomest seen on the avenue of an afternoon, but I must dash away from the opera long enough to record this compliment, paid by Mrs. George Gould herself to a

A Russian uniform inspired Mrs. Astor's novel coat of royal ermine. Note the feminine caprice in the supple gold tissue lining

This girlish gown was selected by Mrs. Dick—formerly Astor—for the first night at the opera. The famous Astor chain of diamonds is Mrs. Dick's pet toy

Gorgeously beautiful is a gown designed for one of the younger Drexel matrons by Mme. Julie. A metal brocade cuirass is an opulently Oriental feature of this costume

frock I have seen Miss Mary Nash wear several times at tea. Sapphire blue velvet is the fabric used in this girlish but very beautiful costume, and it shows a double-skirted coat effect, achieved by a clever use of deep bands of handsome fitch. The crush girdle is lined with shining blue metal brocade, and a little gleam of the same wealthy garniture shows in the deep pointed cul trimmed with the fur. A soft, wide brimmed hat of furry beaver exactly matches the tawny gray of the fitch, and is circled with a soft, deep fold of sapphire velvet. One of the very recent neckpieces fastening in the back finished this gown which well deserved the compliment it has won of being widely copied.

At the season's première of opera, to return to our engrossing muttons, one grew quite dizzy when one tried to count the new brides. Mrs. Morgan Belmont, and Mrs. Raymond Belmont, outshining the brave, bright stars with the jewels a young matron may wear, chose soft rose and white, respectively for their costume, and each won approving glances not only from admiring eyes on every side but from that Paris par excellence of feminine beauty their father-in-law, August Belmont. And when Mr. Belmont approves a lady's dress, it is indeed a perfect creation.

The diamond circle was aglow with all of Fifth Avenue's handsomest maids and matrons garbed as only Paris and New York can turn women out; but with a feeling of haughty pride, I noted as I swept the house with my most critical lorgnette, or strolled about during the entr'actes, and frankly stared at lovely girls in lovely gowns, that no one eclipsed in beauty or charm our own actresses who were present.

No woman was more grande dame than Mrs. Paul D. Cravath, who brought a grand opera voice to opera comique when she was star of the Bostonians, and later of Paul Jones, almost a generation ago. And there was Elsie de Wolfe, for whose presence hostesses struggle on opera nights, and Ethel Barrymore a centre of attraction in a lovely frock of green and gold.

Miss Blanche Bates was radiant in a tri-tunic effect of deep rose shot with silver threads with a corsage of silver cloth and a flat shoulder

Mary Nash's pet frock for tea at the Plaza

strap of pink roses set close together. Miss Margaret Wilson, who has been Miss Bates' guest quite frequently of late, wore a Quakerish young frock of soft honey-colored chiffon with knots of blue velvet appliqued in a running design, very original and pretty, around the full skirt. What Irene Franklin calls blue vegetation, meaning flowers of a species unknown to botanists and created by Tappé as a contribution to nature's incomplete flora, were used as girdle and sleeves to this very nice little frock.

Lady Colebrook was among those present, of course, showing fine calloused places on her hands which she vowed were acquired while working for the cause of civilization and the Allies.

"In a munitions factory?" inquired Mrs. Angier Duke (née Drexel-Biddle) in an awed tone. "No, my dear," replied the English beauty, "tieing up bundles at Biddy Guinness' shop." I had almost forgotten to mention Constance Collier when noting the stage beauties present. Miss Collier, statuesque as Brittania, and wearing her famous profile and a gown I cannot hope to describe, was talking "shop" to the little Carnegie girl in the language of France which Miss Collier speaks better than many natives I have known. To leave music, heavenly maid for a while and abandon the opera for the out-of-door world, I have admired a number of sport suits of quite new fabric and cut during recent visits to football games, to rings and courses where horse is king, and to Piping Rock and Meadow Brook. Soft supple velvet in colors born of dreaming rainbows seems to have ousted the Jersey and fuzzy woolen cloths quite off the premises where fashion reigns supreme. Yellow velvet, pink sapphire and purple and emerald ditto are chosen by the girl who loathes looking like everybody else, and the inevitable stripes one used to see in sport suits are now relegated to the realm of the invisible and employed as linings. Violent contrasts between the outside of a coat and its lining are no longer considered good form and a stripe of black, white or gray satin with the color of the suit as a foundation are chosen by women to whom dress is a fine art.

To everybody's amazement, Miss Angelica Brown is lending her slim loveliness to more fanciful frocks than formerly distinguished her choice. Motoring up to the Westchester Club the other day with a very happy party of young belles carefully chaperoned by a matron who looked like Mrs. Barger Wallach, as I caught a fleeting glimpse of her veil enveloped features, Miss Brown wore a very charming frock of the new smoke-colored velvet, the deep square collar of mole showing oddly-shaped dull gold tassels at the corners at the back and in front. A toque of mole with a smart "or fadee" ornament bristling at one side and a tiny gold tasselled muff looked so different from the demure simplicity that usually distinguishes the fetching "Girlie" Brown who is now in her third season of undisputed belle-hood, that I had to look twice to be certain it was she.

Mrs. August Belmont was very lovely at Cedarhurst last week in a costume of mist-colored velvet with touches of mole. The inevitable black, usually worn by the former Eleanor Robson was far more honored in the breach than in the observance, to lapse into Shakespeare, since Mrs. Belmont in the soft grays of her costume and with a lovely pink rose in her toque to bring out her soft English coloring, looked younger than I have seen her in years.

So many brides are smiling in our midst, that one stumbles upon beautifully dressed newly weds all over the place. Space, however, forbids even a passing mention of the charming trousseaux that confront one wherever fashionable young women do congregate.

I mustn't, however, omit mention of two very much emphasized features of this Winter's toilettes—bags and boots. So prevalent is the bag habit that it is really epidemic, and I prophesy that when the skating season ends one will see the smart little (or big) wrist bag that at present dangles from every well-regulated arm in town relegated to the background.

Another noticeable feature of present fashions is that the reign of fanciful footwear is coming to an end. A smart severity marks the best-looking feet one sees dancing or trotting from place to place these (*Continued on page* 382)

In the princess wedding gown of the last act of "The Melting of Molly," Miss Franklin shows her normal sylph-like figure. It is an original wedding gown being made of embroidered batiste, instead of the usual satin

Miss Franklin shows what a fat girl should "not" wear, but is usually fatally prone to select. If you're thin now you couldn't do better than study this evening dress made by Madame Julie of white chiffon and silver lace, "with bows and rosebuds and things"

THE THINGS AT McCREERY'S

A McCreery silk of the very new Paisley designs in scarlet and green; an Oriental brocade in green and silver, its pattern rich and varied as a Persian rug; and a white grosgrain with medallions in Chinese blue, pink and gold, the chef d'œuvre of a Lyon's exhibition, and afterwards sent as a present to the wife of the President of France

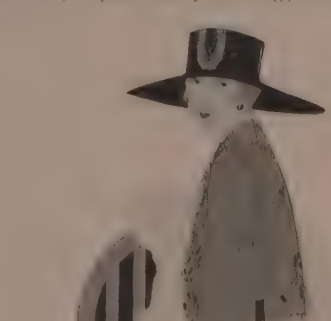
THIS travelogue concerns McCreery's. I'm going to take you in by the Fifth Avenue entrance, which perhaps you don't know about, but should. It saves time and the wear and tear of trying to wedge yourself round that crowded corner at Fifth Avenue and Thirty fourth Street. Also you will find it most convenient when hopping off the bus on a wet day. The entrance leads onto the softly lighted mezzanine balcony from whence you can reconnoitre the whole of the main floor, and locate the counters which you wish to visit.

They are enticingly laid out at this time of the year with presents for the holidays. You may like to pick up one of those smart bags in the Roman stripes, specially priced for the occasion, or an individual Oriental-looking necklace, or a pair of earrings. McCreery has a large and colorful assortment of both.

And I'm sure you will want to stop and sniff around the perfume counter and retrieve some of the delicious perfumes and powders and soaps. Did you know that Houbigant, for the first time, is putting out his expensive perfumes, Ideal, Cœur de Jeanette, Quelques Fleurs in dollar bottles? You will find them all at the perfume counter in Frenchy dresses of opaque glass.

I don't need to call your attention to the second floor, where the famous McCreery silks abound. A McCreery silk needs no bush. But you will be interested to hear of some of the wonderful new materials that have just been imported, many of the designs being the same as those used in stage productions on the other side. American women who have been abroad, I am told, come straight from the steamer here knowing they will find the same materials they have seen on the foreign stage, but which they have been unable to procure.

Metallic effects in silver and gold are, of course, predominant, a particularly striking one being a



McCreery has splendid values in crêpe and georgette waists. This is brown georgette—the season demands dark waists to match suits trimmed with filet lace and hand embroidered in bronze and steel beads

design of large silver tulips standing crisply against a background of black satin. Next in popularity are the Paisley patterns—to be used for coats—soft satin in gorgeous scarlet and green, crêpes failles in pastel greens and pinks. The patriotic sentiment of France has been expressed in materials woven in a pattern and coloring reminiscent of the stained glass of its cathedrals.

France has also contributed a silk whose beauty leaves one adjectiveless. "Imagine only" a stand alone white taffeta, with a medallion design—in itself a work of art—of pink, old blue and gold woven on it at broadly spaced intervals. A manufacturer at the Lyons' Exhibition took first prize with this matchless stuff, despatched a dress length, as is the custom, to the wife of the President of France, and the remainder was permitted to come to America and McCreery's.

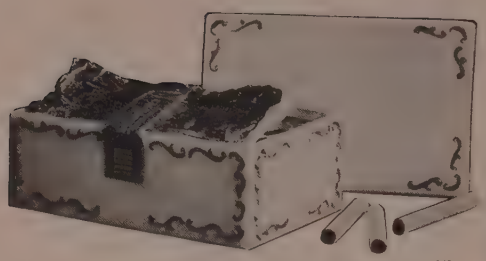
After the silks you mustn't fail to visit the waist department which offers some of the very best values in crêpes de chines and georgettes of any place in town. Dark colored waists, waists to match suits, that is, and give a one-piece dress effect are the most popular at present. We took a sketch of a dark brown georgette that was too good to miss.

Across the floor from the waists is the art goods department, of which McCreery makes a particular feature at the Christmas season. In it are shown every conceivable box and bag and pillow to adorn a boudoir made of brocades in light colors, and combined with gilt trimmings and little roses in the best French manner.

To wind up our reel come into the rest room with me and see a feature in connection with it that McCreery can deservedly boast is quite their own—manicuring and hairdressing. Isn't it a splendid idea? You can have your nails done while Mary has her hair waved, or merely waits in a comfortable arm-chair for you. And per chance small George will get his hair clipped in the children's barber shop attached.

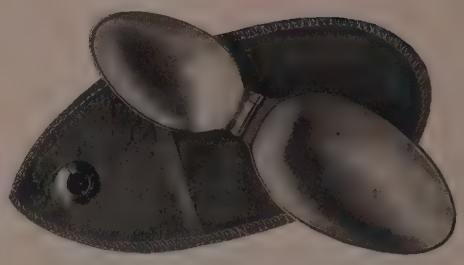
A department featured particularly during the holiday season is the art goods. From it comes this enchanting sweetmeat box, covered in brocade, its compartments made of small Chinese porcelain dishes; a work bag of raffia trimmed with sassy silk apples and green braiding; a head rest of old blue satin and gilt braid

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

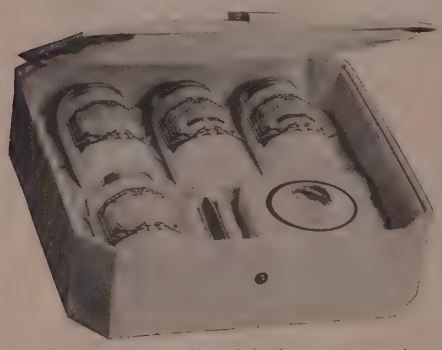


Another excellent Christmas gift for that so difficult-to-please gentleman! One hundred of the Herbert Tareyton cigarettes, in an artistic box of white porcelain with blue arabesques at the corners, the box acting as a humidor. $1.25.

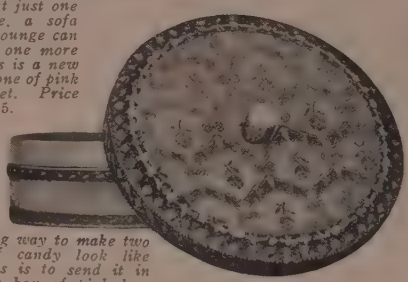
Like that suppositious trunk into which can always be put just one more sample, a sofa or a chaise lounge can always hold one more pillow. This is a new and lovely one of pink and gold net. Price $6.95.



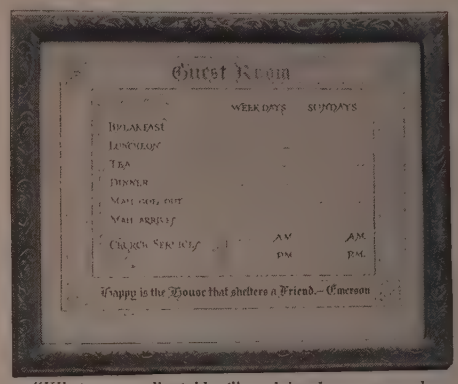
Make traveling easy for the mother of a small family by presenting her with this small silver medicine spoon—tablespoon and teaspoon measure—in its snug chamois case. It's just the thing to tuck away in a traveling bag. Price $5.00.



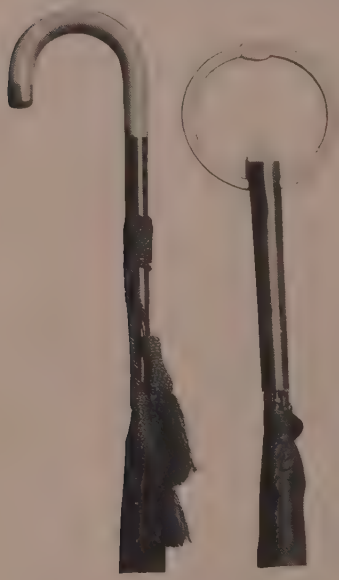
The creams that have helped to preserve the far-famed beauty of Lillian Russell, her own face powder and lip rouge delightfully boxed in pale blue leather with satin lining, the cover stamped with American beauties. Price $5.00.



A charming way to make two pounds of candy look like ten pounds is to send it in this candy box of pink brocaded silk. Price $1.25.

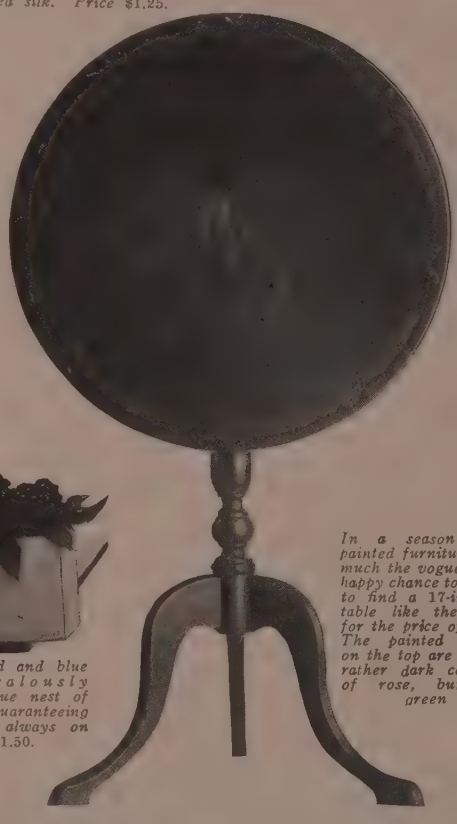


"What an excellent idea!" exclaimed a woman who was Christmas-present-hunting for the friend-who-has-everything, when she saw this guestroom card in its charming gilt frame. "I'll take four of them." Individual ones are charming at $2.50.



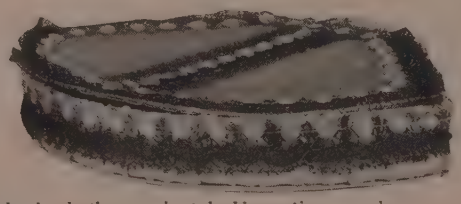
A rain and sun umbrella in all the smart colors, its amber bakalite handle tipped to match the silk. $6.50. *Another with malacca stick and ivory ring in all the staple colors.* $5.00.

This small red and blue kingfisher zealously guards a bisque nest of black pins, guaranteeing to keep one always on tap. $1.50.



In a season when painted furniture is so much the vogue it is a happy chance to be able to find a 17-inch tip table like the above for the price of $9.50. *The painted flowers on the top are in soft, rather dark colorings of rose, buff and green*

Is Belasco resposible for the present popularity of the Chinese gong to announce meals? One of exceptional value at $8.00 *has three bells of unusually musical timbre, nickel plates or mahogany*



A box and basket, beautifully made by hand, the one in pale blue satin covered with gilt net and trimmed with gilt braid and tiny pink roses, the other in old blue satin, white lace and rosebuds. Box $6.00. *Basket* $5.00.

The more She has a silk or beaded bag the more She will be made happy with a large bag for shopping or traveling. And nothing can look chicer than a twelve-inch one in moleskin with patent finish and gilt fittings, lined in either blue, grey, tan, absinthe green, or purple moire. Price $6.75.

HAZEL DAWN

THIS attractive player, of "Pink Lady" fame, and later the star of "The Debutante" has stepped from a successful screen appearance into a leading role in "The Century Girl." She appears here in a charming Knox creation.

KNOX HATS

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTIETH ST.

Never such wonders of Music as this Christmas brings

INSEPARABLE from the joys, the sorrows, the sympathies of mankind, music best speaks the message of this most beautiful festival season of the year. Indeed the sweet spirit of Christmas was borne first to man upon the wings of song.

And through the years and the centuries, music has told and retold the sacred story with such power and appeal as no other form of expression may equal.

So of all their highest thoughts, their noblest passions, men have found fullest portrayal in music, and only the sombre necessity of dull fingers and musicless voices has held them apart from its delightful art.

But this Christmastide witnesses the nativity of a new freedom in music.

Limitations have been pushed wide and for all is possible the ability of greater enjoyment, greater understanding of the wonderful language of musical tones.

THE world is rich in treasures of music. Beethoven, Liszt, Chopin, Rubenstein, Greig, Saint-Saens, MacDowell—even the mention of these few names suggests a host of others, all master artists who have contributed liberally to the literature of music.

The Pianola has enabled thousands to discover this hidden gold—to quicken their own powers of musical enjoyment. Now a development of the Pianola principle has brought a new and even more wonderful instrument.

The Duo-Art

The statements made regarding the Duo-Art in the interviews with prominent musicians recently published in these pages, definitely establish that in the world of music this instrument is considered of paramount importance and high artistic perfection.

Men like Gabrilowitsch, Godowsky, Bauer, Grainger, Schelling . . . . could not definitely indorse an instrument which reproduces their own art if it did not accomplish its work with the utmost precision. No evidence, however, can convince you as quickly and certainly as will the testimony of your own senses. Hear the Duo-Art.

WE cannot hope to convey to you in words the remarkable scope of this great new instrument—the Duo-Art Pianola.

It is a player-piano that grants you such delicacy, brilliance, power of expression—such perfect control of every tone, every touch upon key—as has never before been possible to any but the musically gen-iused. To play the Duo-Art by music roll is as satisfying as playing upon the keyboard by hand, for the Duo-Art expression controls provide all possible pianistic effects.

But the revolutionary features of the Duo-Art Pianola is its power to precisely *reproduce* the performances of the greatest concert pianists!

Have you ever heard Mr. Harold Bauer play in recital?—adjust one of Mr. Bauer's Duo-Art record rolls in the music aperture of the instrument and release a small lever. Immediately the keys of the Duo-Art will begin playing of themselves, exactly as if the eminent pianist's fingers depressed them. And the great music you will hear will be Mr. Bauer's as truly as if he himself sat at the pianoforte.

You have never known such a wonder of music as this.

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THE ABOVE HALL MARKS APPEAR ON HOT WATER JUG

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All goods purchased of Crichton Bros. are delivered express charges prepaid throughout the United States.

44

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 376)

This isn't a motor car widow. It is Juliette Day in "Up Stairs and Down"

days; a beautiful cut, and the handsomest of leather all unadorned replace the overdecorated shoes and slippers of last season.

Some stunning frocks have been seen on the stage, during the recent weeks, and a prophesy of what society will wear presently, is disclosed in the gowns that Bendel and François, Tappé and Julie are displaying on the most adequate and satisfying of manequins, the popular actresses on Broadway.

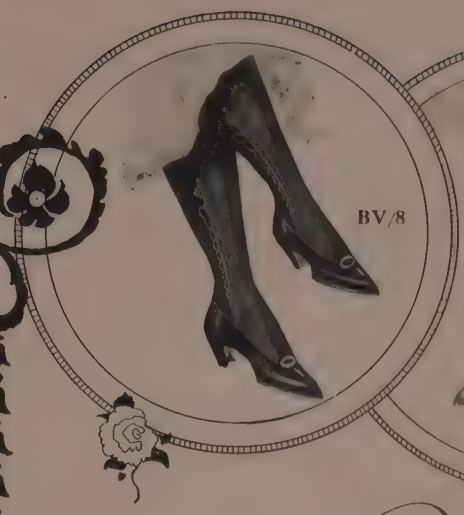
Irene Franklin, who comes to town as a star, presently, is a model upon which I predict many fashionable women will confer the sincere flattery of imitation. Miss Franklin in "The Melting of Molly" plays the rôle of a pretty girl afflicted with many pounds of superfluous fat. During the course of the clever comedy in which she appears, she "melts" visibly, and is transformed into a willowy young thing in the last act, whose slenderness is like that of a long-stemmed lily. It is clothes that work this miracle. And furthermore, they are clothes of Miss Franklin's own design, although the most fashionable and high-tariffed modiste on the avenue, constructed them in accordance with the drawings furnished by the actress.

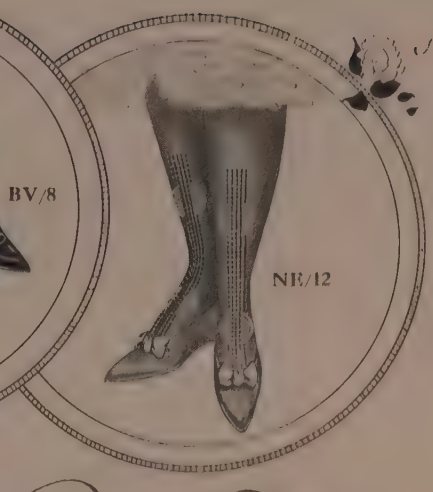
"I have come to the conclusion," said Miss Franklin, sinking with a sigh into a chair of Chinese chippendale in the salon of her milliner, "that there is only one woman in New York who knows how to dress a fat girl. Take the girl herself; if you look upon the dancer when she is red (and if she's fat she is always red) you will see that she insists that her frocks shall be tight where they ought to be loose, and vice versa. If you doubt this just stroll about through the corridors of the Metropolitan on an opera night, or, if you aren't on Mrs. Astor's visiting list, stand in a rubbery attitude beside the awning before her patrician portal, and see the guests arriving for an Astor fête. All the broad girls will wear tight, shiny satin hips. There's some psychological secret about it; they simply *have* to choose that style of massive architecture for their frocks, and the plump person is also devoted to meaningless little bows and 'do dads' that are inevitably posed in the wrong places to attract the eye to the very stoutness she wishes to disguise. In the new play, I make myself look like two hundred pounds of adipose misery, simply by wearing the sort of frock that a fat girl is fatally prone to select. Madame Julie groaned and almost went on strike half a dozen times before she turned out the really pretty evening dress of white chiffon and silver lace, with bows and rosebuds and things, that make me look a mountain."

I seriously advise all fat girls to study Miss Franklin's frocks. The wedding gown worn in the last act shows her as slimly supple as next year's débutante, and is a novelty in bridal attire inasmuch as batiste of the sheerest satiny texture embroidered over every inch of the fabric in designs of orange blossoms, is chosen instead of the inevitable white satin for the princess frock.

(Concluded on page 384)

Miss Norman's frock in "Up Stairs and Down"





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The gift that every woman hopes for, expects, and delights in—silk hosiery. Give her a box of "Onyx."

The best stores throughout the country have full holiday assortments of "Onyx" Silk Hosiery in fancy designs and plain colors ready for your selection NOW.

The numbers illustrated are typical of the diversity of designs in "Onyx" hand-embroidered silk hose—they are all made with the "Pointex" Heel.

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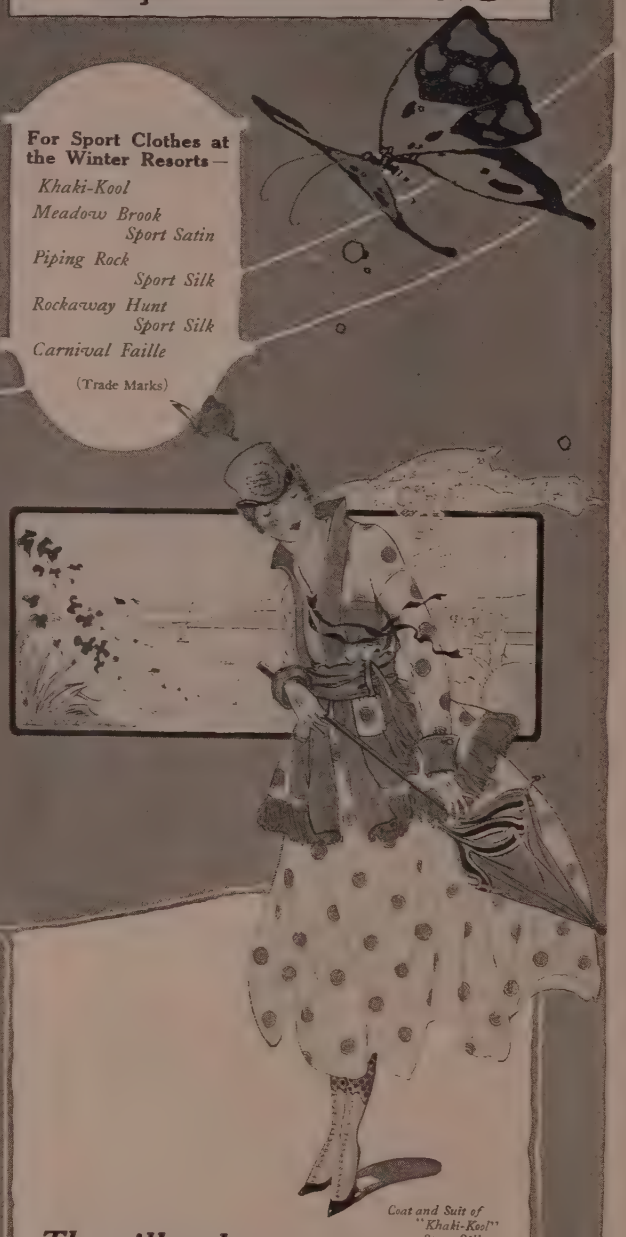

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That is the query that finds satisfying answer in this new and brilliant line of Mallinson's Silks de Luxe.

Unique textures, daringly different designs, rare, exotic colorings—combining into creations of the most distinguished individuality.

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H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY
"The New Silks First"
London Paris New York

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(*Continued from page 382*)

The veil of Brussels net has a novel flaring cap effect, quite different from the usual sad affair one is all too accustomed to see worn by brides this season. It is prettily wired into an upstanding coronet with orange blossoms discreetly twined about it, to show how fascinating a bridal veil may be.

In a recent issue of THE THEATRE you were told of a fetching négligée fashioned by the clever fingers of Martha Hedman's maid. Miss Franklin has a maid, Marie, who challenges Miss Hedman's Abigail in the matter of hand-made lounging gowns. In the epilogue of "The Melting of Molly" Miss Franklin is shown bending over a sleeping babe and singing "The Pirate's Lullaby" to the unconscious infant. In this tableau she wears a white satin garment cut exactly like Miss Hedman's in one piece, with the open sleeves lined with shell pink soirée that glows faintly through the material giving a look of vivid warmth to the severely cut négligée.

Two or three sport dresses worn by Miss Franklin, you must positively copy for skating, but I shall only annoy the management by describing them: so you must see them as worn at the theatre by "Mollie."

In "Up-Stairs and Down," at the Cort Theatre, Miss Christine Norman is wearing some very nice frocks; an especially charming toilette turned out by Julie, who seems this season to be cornering the best stage commissions, by the way, is of quite wonderful metal brocade in a soft rose draped over gold lace. It is a feature of the Julie frocks that the fabric is draped on the figure without cutting into the gorgeous material that are so costly, and so useless for future generations if slashed into the points and scallops that are *de rigueur* this season.

"When a woman, no matter how much money she has at her command," says Mme. Julie, "pays forty or fifty dollars a yard for the magnificent fabrics that are a feature of to-day's fashion, she naturally wishes to hand the expensive material down to her children when they come along, or her grandchildren. Therefore I will not commit the vandalism of cutting the new hand-woven brocades."

Miss Norman's dress therefore consists of straight lengths of the exquisite gleaming gold and rose, falling in points at the side and back, to form the fashionable narrow trains that are considered so smart just now. Personally, I think modistes who make these front and back trains, ought to be compelled by law to establish classes in wearing them without stumbling. Actresses manage them very well, but I have seen a number of fashionable girls fall over their frocks at dances, to the great confusion of their partners, and doubtless to their own personal pain. The under-petticoat of pale gold lace, and the soft deep sleeves of rose chiffon (to return to Miss Norman) show how graceful may be a frock even if the material be of the rich, stiff brocades that Vandyk and other court painters of earlier centuries loved to paint in the formal cut of their time.

If you ever feel called upon to elope in a motor car, I cordially commend to your attention the honeymoonish costume worn by Juliette Day in "Up Stairs and Down." Especially chic are the musketeer boots which fashionable cordonniers are making for automobile wear just now. Protection against cold and dust are ensured in this style of foot gear which is finding high favor this season.

A whole lot of flossy finery is on view at the Century Theatre where Hazel Dawn and Elsie Janis are holding the mirror up to Fashion with great effect on feminine audiences. But as I have already made too many sketches for these pages, I must refrain from pictured descriptions in this issue.

I note that actresses are setting a number of smart fashion as they stroll in for a cup of tea at the Plaza, Sherry's or Del's of an afternoon, and a smart gathering of feminine dramatists at Henry Miller's luncheon party a few days ago disclosed Rida Johnson Young in a black chiffon velvet frock with a short square coatee of ermine with jet roses bordering the collar and cuffs that was a triumph of coquetry. Rachel Crothers, author of "Old Lady 31," graced the same event in a very nice frock of dull mulberry which her modiste had brightened with a deep cardinal's collar of glossy black broad tail—a fur too seldom seen this season. A saucy toque of broad tail with a bunch of mulberry asking impertinently for admiration, was the crowning chic of Miss Crowthers' costume. Clair Kummer, who wrote "Good Gracious Annabelle," commands admiration when one sees her, here and there with her cousin William Gillette, by reason of an utterly smart costume of velvet in an invisible pin check of gray and black with a stunning mole neck piece and cuffs. With this tailleur costume, Miss Kummer (she is really Mrs. Grant and the wife of a well-known attorney) wears a gray fur beaver hat rather floppy with a "made" ornament of gilt and mole posed in front.

At Mrs. Guinness' new shop just off the avenue, all the spirituelle and sympathetic looking girls in town are selling things for the benefit of two local charities and the Duchess of Sutherland's ambulance fund and an organization devoted to helping the families of artists in distress in the war zone.

From day to day one meets all the Astors and Vanderbilts and Whitneys and Belmonts in the world, hawking fascinating things for feminine wear and little Christmas gew-gaws, with Constance Collier, Mary Nash, Charlotte Greenwood and Marjorie Rambeau as assistant.

The H. W. Gossard Co.
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:
For years I refused to wear a corset, as I could never find one that was both healthy and comfortable - Finally I tried the Gossard and find it wonderful.

Annette Kellermann

Miss Annette Kellermann

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The Silk Sensational

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Bold in Coloring
Endless in Design
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The Jersey weave that
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SEEN IN FIFTH AVENUE WINDOWS

AS another evidence of the luxurious tendencies of the season the shops are making an enticing feature of mules in every kind of material and coloring to match or contrast with the beautiful négligés offered. In the window of a shop devoted to Eastern wares were several pairs of the most delightful and practical mules, of a, presumably, Japanese black and gold metal brocade, lined with gold-colored satin. They were dainty enough to go with any négligée, however delicately colored and yet should wear and keep clean longer than the more usual light shades of pink and blue.

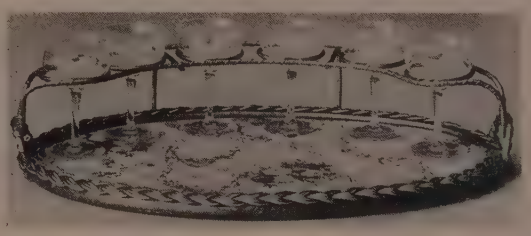
* * *

Black silk stockings with lace inserts, a whole window devoted to them, which proves what their sponsors think the popularity of the lace and silk stocking is to be. You may pay almost any price you wish for a pair—even as high as two hundred and fifty dollars for ones with real Chantilly running up nearly to the knee—and you may find the lace inset in almost every variety of design possible, in medallions, in strips of three or two or one. A particularly amusing pair had a lace strip the outline of which might have been taken for the head and body of a conventionalized peacock, the head and neck lying on the instep and the body part curving up the angle.

* * *

Quite the most Parisian of hats I have seen in some time! The kind that a Frenchman would describe with the exclamation *"si élégant,"* the kind that one might see on a Cécile Sorel! The shape was a sailor with broad brim and low-crown in felt; the shade a soft "French gray," a gray that leans toward bisque. It blended beautifully therefore with the trimming, which some master eye had chosen for it—coffee-colored lace insertion finely box-plaited, three rows of which, slightly overlapping each other, lay round the brim. Another piece of the lace insertion had been banded round the crown and tied in the smartest of bows on the side.

As we had fur in Summer, now that colder weather is coming on, we are offered feathers. The same little shoulder capes of fur that were worn—and are still being worn—are now made up in marabout. Taupes and browns were shown in one window, two rosettes of matching satin ribbon with a link between making the fastening.



A cocktail tray which comes in oblong and round shape, as well as the oval shown here. The wicker frame of the tray is white enamcled and the cretonne under the glass of delicate colorings.

* * *

Another hat, whose veil went with it as a special feature of the *ensemble,* was a gem for artistic color combinations. The shape was smallish and roundish with a slight brim turning down all the way and was covered with a crêpe faille in Persian colorings of reds and blues. A band of mole went round the crown and was fastened in front under a silvery red and blue flower with its leaves. And from the brim fell the smartest veil of taupe octagon mesh, its border embroidered in red and blue wools exactly to round out the color scheme of the hat.

Isn't it the hardest thing to find something to give a man for Christmas? Here's a splendid something, different and practical and luxurious all at the same time. An eau de cologne of the finest quality, imported but bottled in America. Quart size $3.00. Pint size $1.85. An attractive box comes in which to send your present

"See My Heatherbloom Petticoat"

Says Blanche Ring

MISS BLANCH RING, the popular star now playing in the comedy success, "Broadway and Buttermilk" is a great admirer of Heatherbloom Petticoats.

The Heatherbloom creation she is wearing is one of the season's most fascinating style and color combinations.

HEATHERBLOOM TRADE MARK PETTICOATS

are endorsed and worn by the leading celebrities of the stage. These stars appreciate the wonderful draping qualities of Heatherbloom Petticoats, and the exceptional wear they give.

Heatherbloom Petticoats look and feel like silk, yet wear three times longer at one third the cost of silk.

All the leading shops sell the genuine Heatherbloom Petticoats. Look for the label on the waistband.

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MAILLARD announces a most unusual and attractive Holiday display of exclusive importations.

French Bonbonnieres
Novelties, Favors, Toys
Christmas Tree Ornaments

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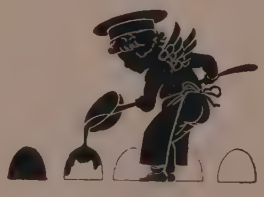
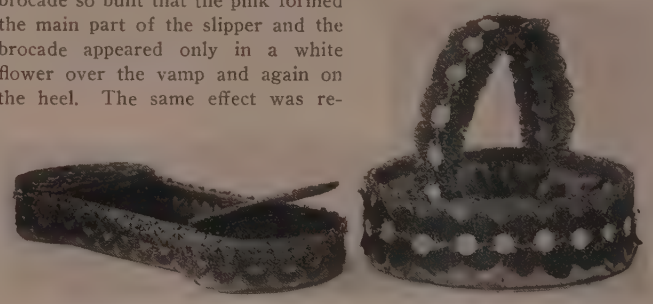


SEEN IN FIFTH AVENUE WINDOWS

A STOCKING should either be a distinct contrast to the shoe with which it is worn or else an exact match. Nothing can so nullify the effect of a promising pair of pumps as a stocking that is just off. One feels a debt of gratitude, therefore, to a shop displaying unusual shades in evening slippers when stockings to match these shades to a hair are offered at the same time with them. Such consideration was shown by one firm through sets of satin slippers and hosiery in deep gobelin blue, crushed strawberry and old gold. There were also gray satin slippers beaded in steel, and the true match in gray stockings. And a most unusual and intriguing slipper of pink and white brocade so built that the pink formed the main part of the slipper and the brocade appeared only in a white flower over the vamp and again on the heel. The same effect was repeated in nile green and white flowered brocade, and in blue.

Sweaters in fine white vicuna wool to slip on over the head, with V-shaped opening and tasseled sash-belt to wind round the waist. With the sweater was displayed a long-knitted strip blocked up into a dozen or more brilliant Bakst-like colorings to signify that if one didn't wish the white vicuna there were other colors to order. Several of us, however, having mistakenly at first view interpreted the knitted strip as a sash to go with the white sweater, suggested that such a combination be made up by the shop and they have rather promised to do so. Such a sash of many colors against the soft white of the vicuna wool would make a most striking and original sport garment.

A quilt of heliotrope silk whose lovely shade was a banner to catch the eye! It was single bed size, of Japanese silk, quilted, of course, and in the middle was a most stunning diamond-shaped script monogram of about eight inches. On inquiry I found that it is possible to have these quilts made up for a single or double bed—they are lined with wool, by the way—of the Jap silk in three shades of blue, as well as the heliotrope, in gold, old rose, and brown.



An unusual tray to adorn a dressing-table and hold all sorts and sizes of hairpins covered in rose colored silk and gilt lace. Price, $7.00. *And another basket in gold colored silk, gilt lace and tiny silk flowers in blue, pink and heliotrope. Price,* $7.00.

In front of the comfortable were several of the little bed-pillows, to tuck into one's neck at night, in sheer linen with Filipino lace—that lace that looks so much like filet. A particularly good one, simple, easy to do up and yet very effective, had a slip-on cover of the linen open at either end and finished with a two-inch border of the lace edging.

We should be very glad to furnish, on request, the names of the shops showing these articles, as well as prices.

You can't go wrong on any one of these pairs of stockings, whether you choose the Queen Victoria of the sheerest and yet most durable quality. $3.00. *A new drop stitch rib silk in any of the staple colors.* $3.00. *A pure thread silk black or white, hand-embroidered.* $3.50. *A stocking, vertically self-striped and shaded, black with white, blue, purple, green or tan.* $3.75. *Or an open work silk stocking in an evening shade.* $3.75.

PONTINE

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The plus of pontine has made possible new and original costumes for smart but restrained motor, street and sportwear.

Your favorite fabric; your favorite color combination may be expressed to a nicety with pontine—the *plus* of fashion.

At the very exclusive shops.

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A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION

Peck & Peck

Write for the special Christmas catalog.

Exquisite silk hosiery; silk and wool sweaters and mufflers for women. Hosiery, neckwear, and mufflers for gentlemen.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY BOXES

$5.50 for 3 pairs

1 pair hand embroidered pure silk stockings in black or white $2.50

1 pair pure silk stockings in black or white, with hand embroidered clocks in black or white $2.00

1 pair plain silk in black, white or any color $1.50

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If references are given we will gladly send selections by mail for your approval.

Satisfaction is guaranteed as any or all may be returned at our expense.

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Their Originality and
Daintiness Make Them
Especially Desirable as Gifts
QUAINTLY shaped boxes covered with exquisite old Chinese embroideries, lined with velvet, divided into various convenient little compartments. The handles on the box lids are finely carved from various semi-precious stones, amethyst, turquoise, silver enamels, etc.
There is a variety of forms and sizes to choose from, suitable for toilet and bridge tables; boxes for needlework, cigarettes, jewels, etc.
EDWARD I. FARMER
CHINESE ARTS AND DECORATIONS
5 West Fifty-sixth Street, NEW YORK

NEW DRAMATIC BOOKS

TRAINING FOR THE STAGE. By Arthur Hornblow. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

In a recent production made in this city an important rôle was acted by a well-known player at total variance, mental and physical with the part. Why was this? The manager, it is said, tried out thirteen others and finally in despair selected Mr. Incompetent. This would seem to show that the theatrical profession is not overcrowded.

If any reader thinks he can help to fill up this void he should read Mr. Arthur Hornblow's new book, "Training for the Stage." It will point out to him in a most expert and agreeable fashion just what he may expect if he elects to serve the stage. It is an encouraging and informative volume which no aspirant should fail to peruse. It strips off the glamor and reveals cold facts. It points truthfully just what may be expected and what must be endured if ducats and honor are to be won.

Mr. Hornblow has contributed to the literature of the stage a truly human document brimming with wholesome facts and entertaining data. E. F. C.

OSCAR WILDE—HIS LIFE AND CONFESSIONS. By Frank Harris. Published by the author, 8 Washington Square, New York.

To those to whom the life of a man of genius, but of an unspeakable profligacy which led to a miserable ending, is of interest this book will have the fascination of its qualities. It is written by a friend, whose intellectual intimacy was close and affectionate, who believed in his substantial moral integrity up to the last moment, and who did not abandon him in his days of ruin. The book is one of the most remarkable documents—for as such it may well be described—that will ever have gone into libraries under lock and key. Written by a friend it is not a service to his memory, nor is it in any degree a defense of the man's personal relations to life. Wilde is represented as one of the most brilliant and fascinating of talkers and companions, and some of his works are exalted as "wittier than Congreve" and the like. These literary estimates and Wilde's own account of his methods of work may be of general interest. The stories of the man's harmless vanity, envious of all others and ranking himself as above Shakespeare, are curiously interesting perhaps, but it is plain from this narrative that Oscar Wilde was false, insincere and superficial in his philosophies, selfish, selfseeking, weak and unworthy. One can gather from the book a belief that the man was extremely expert in conversation, entertaining in flippancies as well as in quickwittedness, and with eloquence and physical animation. The book will not be widely read among those who avoid the morbid and the unclean. Mr. Harris, standing in a manner aloof from the character of his subject, shows an unmistakable power of his own, but his candor and detail go far to justify the sentence which society and the law passed on the author of "Dorian Grey."

REVERIES OVER CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company.

These are personal experiences, made up of thirty-three little chapters or extended paragraphs. Their intimate characters give a particular value to the publication which will be found intensely interesting to all who have a knowledge and appreciation of the poetic spirit of William Butler Yeats. The little book is addressed by the author to "those few people, mainly personal friends who have read all that I have written."

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

*

PONTINE grows in popularity with every month. Pavlowa has just acclaimed what she thinks of it by having a striking coat made for herself of blue Pontine with gold satin lining, very full and caught in snugly about the waist. Huge moleskin collars and cuffs and a deep flounce of the moleskin trim the coat and there is a little toque of the Pontin and moleskin to go with it. "It's a wonder," as one woman exclaimed when she saw it.

* * *

You can be sure of being ahead of the mode if you buy at Maxon's, The Model Gown Shop. Just as one small illustration: I saw at Maxon's as far back as the early Spring evening gowns with short skirts and trains. Then the Fall season opens and lo and behold in the vanguard of smart things are evening gowns with trains!

* * *

One of the most interesting places to go to in town is the dressmaking establishment of Boué Soeurs, a branch of the Paris house. A card of admission is necessary to see the models which are displayed on a well-lighted stage in one of the salons between the hours of three and five in the afternoon. I spent a delightful hour there lately, viewing the newest ideas in gowns and lingérie, just over from Paris.

* * *

The influence of the much-discussed and criticised Granville Barker gold fairies in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" has evidently been running underground for two years and is just coming to the surface. All gold frocks—all silver too—for dancing are appearing here and there and extraordinarily stunning they are too,—rather full and short of skirt, made of bands of plain gold or silver tissue alternating with bands of gold or silver lace insertion. I haven't seen any yet of the gold and silver combined, but I presume that will appear and should be particularly striking. With these frocks should go, *must* go, in fact, gold or silver slippers and stockings and a gold or silver band of something in the hair.

* * *

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Do you know that with each gift subscription you send to The Theatre, an exquisite gold embossed card goes to your friend Christmas morning? Turn to page 410 to solve *YOUR* Christmas gift problem.

(*Continued from page 358*)

Mr. Faversham has assembled a delightful company to speak the often dazzling generally amusing, and rarely platitudinous lines of "Getting Married." In the comparatively small part of the Bishop, he sets a noble example of self-effacement at the same time that he plays an ingratiating part with much distinction. Miss Crosman lends verve and charm to the Mayoress. Charles Cherry is excellent as Hotchkiss. So are George Fitzgerald as Reggie and John Harwood as Collins.

"Getting married" is a triumph of impolite conversation.

CENTURY. "THE CENTURY GIRL." Musical entertainment in three acts. Music by Victor Herbert and Irving Berlin. Produced on November 6th with this cast:

Mike Debitesky	Harry Kelloski
Queen Bondicea	May Leslie
Helen of Troy	Marjorie Cassidy
Cleopatra	Semone D'Herlys
Joan of Arc	Hazel Lewis
Catherine of Russia	Margaret Morris
Marie Antoinette	Flo Hart
Empress Josephine	Lillian Tashman
Barbara Fritchie	Evelyn Conway
The Century Girl	Hazel Dawn
Peggy O'Brien	Elsie Janis
Will B. Rich	James Doyle
Wood B. Rich	Harland Dixon
Songs	Van and Schenck
Marie Young	Cathryn Rowe Palmer
Emil Klutz	Sam Bernard
Howell Lauder	Irving Fisher
Victor Herbert	Arthur Cunningham
Irving Berlin	John Slavin
Stage Door Keeper of the Frivolity	Gus Minton
The Two Foxesses	The Barr Twins
Alice	Yvonne Shelton
Huntresses	Billie Allen, Vera Maxwell
Dance	Maurice and Florence Walton

If in addition to the wonderful scenery and costumes and the truly extraordinary cast that both Messrs. Dillingham and Ziegfeld selected, there were some bright lines and some good music "The Century Girl," besides being a feast for the eye would be a feast for the ears as well. As it is, the public really gets a huge vaudeville show amidst extraordinary surroundings.

No doubt, with a good deal of pruning, and some pep added, it will be a popular attraction for many months. The first act opens well. The second act started with *The Stone Age*, which is a scream, and seemed very promising, but it fell down with *Alice in Wonderland* to revive again with a wonderful ending, *Uncle Sam's Children*.

The bright stars of the evening were without the shadow of a doubt, Elsie Janis and Sam Bernard. Frank Tinney was Frank Tinney. So were Maurice and Walton. Hazel Dawn, unfortunately, did not have much to do, nor did Irving Fisher.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "OBJECT MATRIMONY." Play in three acts by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced on October 25th with this cast:

Mrs. Harris Sachs	Mathilde Cottrelly
Joseph Zwiebel	Jess Dandy
Clara Fein	Marjorie Wood
J. J. Leiboldt	Wright Kramer
Milton Sachs	Irving Cummings
Julius Lesengelt	Jules Jordan
Birdie Lesengelt	Jean Temple
Jake	William Dixon
First Salesman	Philip Dunning
Second Salesman	Philip Loch
Third Salesman	Joseph Lothian
Louis Mintz	Leo Donnelly
Isaac N. Badler	Robert Robbins
Waiter	Emil Hoch
Leader of Orchestra	Max Rossi
William Ryan	William I. Kane

The mere fact that Montague Glass had two successes to his credit with "Potash and Perlmutter" and "Abe and Mawruss" did not necessarily mean that a third would follow, although he called in the collaboration of Jules Eckert Goodman—result "Object Matrimony."

To those who laughed at the many episodes of the two preceding plays it will appeal to a certain degree, but it has not the human interest nor many of the bright lines found in the previous plays..

The plot is very thin. It is the story of a young fellow who has succeeded to the prosperous cloak and suit business of his father. But he leans towards literature and poetry more than to selling goods. His business is in bad shape, and his young bookkeeper, who is in love with him, tries to save the day. In order to help matters he becomes engaged to the daughter of the rich Julius Lesengelt, and he finds his creditors not only extend time for payment, but offer to supply him with all the material he needs. Needless to say that at the last moment the marriage is broken off, a dear uncle comes to the rescue of the young man who marries his bookkeeper and everything ends happily.

The cast was well balanced, but Jess Dandy stood forth particularly.

PRINCESS. "Go To It." Musical comedy in two acts by John L. Golden, John E. Hazzard and Anne Caldwell, founded on Charles Hoyt's "A Milk-White Flag." Produced on October 24th with this cast:

The Colonel	Charles Judels
The Captain	Wellington Cross
The Private	Percival Knight
The Bandmaster	Will Archie
The Lieutenant	Tyler Brooke
Piggott Luce	Will Deming
Mrs. Piggott Luce	Emma Janvier
Mr. Graves	Dan Marble
Lucy, her daughter	Lois Josephine
Vera Cortney	Ethel Pettit
Grape Juice	Helen Bond
Ginola	Gertrude Waixel
Rye	Cecil Markel

How many years has it been since I first saw "A Milk-White Flag"? It makes me shudder to count 'em. Anyhow, I know it struck me then as very funny—though, of course, everything was funnier twenty years ago. The present version of the ancient farce-satire is still amusing so long as it sticks to Hoyt. Whenever its modern sponsors talk hold, they undoubtedly lower its tone. Because therir basic play is old they seem to feel it their duty to stuff it with antiques—like the joke about the undertaker following the medical profession.

Nevertheless, the burlesque militia company, with its many officers and its one private, its popular bar and its military funeral, supplies better material than nine-tenths of latter-day farces—particularly those that insist on masquerading as comedies.

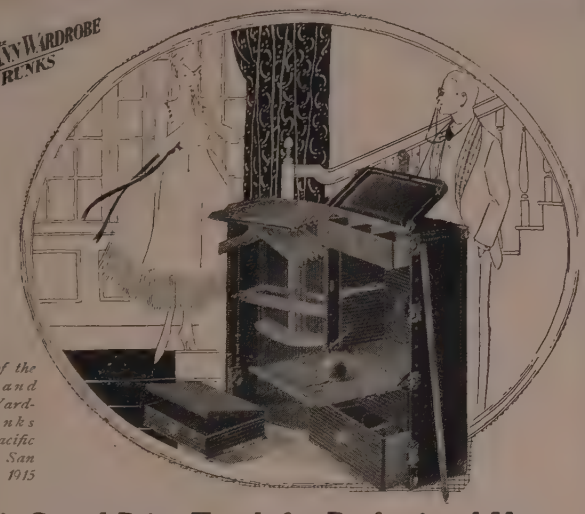
So don't mind the dyspeptic anvil chorus. If you want to be pleasantly, if mildly, entertained and the Princess still affords the opportunity—"Go To It."

48TH STREET. "RICH MAN, POOR MAN." Play in four acts founded on the story of the same name by Maximilian Foster. Produced on October 5th with this cast:

Bayard Varick	John Bowers
Henry Mapleson	William B. Mack
Peter Beeston	Brandon Hurst
Decourcy Lloyd	Frank Westerton
David Lloyd	Rudolph Cameron
John T. Backus	Emmett Shackelford
Richard Crane	Coates Gwenne
Calvin	Arthur Fitzgerald
Miss Beeston	Marie Wainwright
Mrs. Shelvin	Marcia Harris
Miss Hultz	Georgia Lawrence
Mrs. Decourcy Lloyd	Emily Fitzroy
Mrs. Tilney	Jessie Ralph
Sylvia Jessup	Helen Crane
Linda Hurst	Geraldine Beckwith
Bab	Regina Wallace

Bab is a boarding house drudge. The landlady, however, is a kindly soul and took the foundling, as a baby, to her heart when the mother died. A genial old boarder who

(*Concluded on page 394*)



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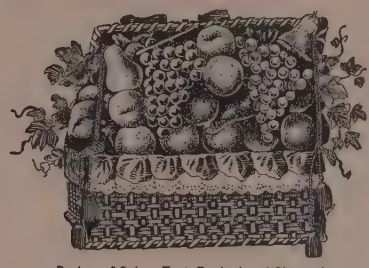

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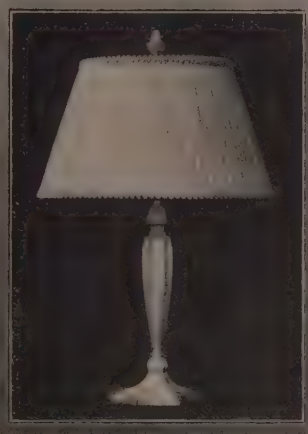

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(*Continued from page 392*)

wants the Cinderella to have "pearls and diamonds" forges papers that make her out the granddaughter of the rich, hard-crusted millionaire, Peter Beeston. The imposition is laid bare in one scene of effective adroitness. To save the forging friend, Bab, although she loves Bayard Varick, agrees to marry Beeston's crippled grandson, but the latter if warped as to his left leg has a good heart and yields her up to Varick, who by his faithful work at the bank is promised something more than the $15 per he has been earning. Some details as to Bab's departure from her high estate of wealth and luxury are ingenious and interesting, but the play is slow ponderous and old-fashioned.

Regina Wallace is simple and sincere as Bab. Excellent actor as he is W. B. Mack is miscast, as the forger. Brandon Hurst is almost excellent as Beeston. Jessie Ralph zips with homely kindness as the boarding house keeper, and Frank Westerton and Marie Wainwright enact secondary rôles with judgment and skill. Two boarders, one of moment and the other extraneous, are ably personated by Emmett Shakelford and Georgia Lawrence. The two juveniles are admirable. Wholesome, manly and free from theatrical pose are John Bowers as Varick and Rudolph Cameron as the cripple. Mr. Broadhurst should realize that the setting he provides for the second act is calculated to seriously hurt his play.

PEOPLE'S. "Red Darkness." Drama in three acts by Arturo Giovannitti. Produced on October 10th with this cast:

Bianca Jourad	Mimi Aguglia
Mme. Jourad	Teresa Cecchini
Lina	Sara Aguglia
Maurizio Jourad	Gustavo Cecchini
Matteo	Vincenzo Ferrau
Il Curato Chambert	Raffaello Bongini
Il Colonnello degli Ulani	F. Ciampolini
Il Sindaco	R. Aratoli
Il Sergente	Luigi Aguglia
Michele	Carlo Tricoli
Eusebio	O. Seragnoli
1mo Ulano	V. Piazza
2do Ulano	I. Cianciotti
3zo Ulano	L. Ancona

An entertaining first night was that one at the People's Theatre, 201 The Bowery, when a company headed by Madame Mimi Aguglia, a Sicilian tragédienne, presented in Italian Mr. Arturo Giovannitti's play, "Tenebre Rosse," or "Red Darkness." The scene is the villa of a French pacifist-poet in the Argonne during the Great War.

The author's idea of warfare fully justifies Sherman's widely known and effectively advertised dictum. Things get so bad indeed when the poet's home is sacked—what with Madame Aguglia being treated like a Sabine and the rest of the family beaten half to death—that even the German Colonel of Uhlans, who shares the ideals of the hero of Mr. Ince's "Civilization," blows out his brains. Thereupon follows terrific cheering, led by the black-windsortie brigade.

Later one chap returns from the trenches minus both arms; and the poet, forced to join the colors, comes home broken and blind to find domestic affairs in a bad state as a result of the visit of the Germans For good measure in our cup of horrors Mr. Giovannitti throws in a reversion-to-type scene that is said to have horrified even Greenwich Village. That's going some.

"Tenebre Rosse" is in a sense another "Moloch." It contains long stretches of oratorical debate. For the most part it is acted crudely. though Madame Aguglia occasionally rises to heights of emotional power.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "Captain Kidd, Jr." Farcical adventures in three acts by Rida Johnson Young. Produced November 13th with this cast:

Andrew MacTavish	Ernest Stallard
An Expressman	Wescott B. Clarke
Mary MacTavish	Edith Taliaferro
Jim Anderson	Otto Kruger
George Brent	Lincoln Plumer
Marion Fenton	Adele Rolland
William Carleton	Charles Brown
Lemuel Bush	Edward Snader
Luella Bush	Zelda Sears
Samuel Dickins	Charles Dow Clark

"Captain Kidd, Jr.," is a poor title for a poor play. "Buried Treasure," as originally planned, was far more apropos. In the course of a somewhat baffling mixture of farce, comedy, and inevitable bathos, somebody addresses Mr. Otto Kruger as "Captain Kidd, Jr.;" but Mr. Kruger is no pirate—he works too hard digging up things and never plants anything. As a comedian he out-Cohans even the redoubtable George.

Mrs. Rida Johnson Young has tried to dramatize the ancient fable of the heirs who sought buried treasure and got only exercise. The iron box dug up by the next-of-kin, the old bookseller, his granddaughter, and her lover contains merely a letter of good advice from the defunct, who has taken a leaf out of the book of Portia's father. Thereafter Mrs. Young in a burst of generosity distributes fortunes all around.

To the audience the playwright is far less open-handed. In fact, if it were not for the excellent work of two very amusing comedians, those "out front" would get little amusement from a rather childish affair which in the second act threatens to go quite to pieces.

Just in the nick of time Mr. Charles Dow Clark enters with his Keystone Comedy constable impersonation and rescues the spectators from menacing oblivion. His able abettor throughout the performance is Charles Brown, who makes the prophylactic heir most amusing.

Miss Taliaferro is very sweet; Miss Zelda Sears does all that mortal could do with an insignificant bit; Edward Snader acts an acceptable old Cape Codder; and Ernest Stallard goes many times to the mat with an amazing Scotch dialect.

GARRICK. "Le Poilu." French operetta in two acts by Pierre Veber and Maurice Hennequin; music by H. Maurice Jacquet. Produced on October 9th with this cast:

Suzanne Le Tilloy	Madeleine L'Espinoy
Madame Le Tilloy	Jeanne Maubourg
Madame Maglorie	Anna Guichard
Madame De Lussan	Marthe Beaulieu
Miss Jenkins	Marguerite Deschamps
American Dancer	Lucille Kent
Francoise	Alice Marin
Robert Valdier	Andre Bellon
Col. De Montbissac	Pierre Mindaist
Justin	Emile Detramont
Feduzel	Gerard Viterbo
Lieut. Andrew Black	Andrew Geary

The theme of Messrs. Veber and Hennequin's little comedy is clever enough. But it needed the proper surroundings which are missing. It would have been better to produce first a curtain raiser followed by the two short acts of "Le Poilu" instead of introducing a bad vaudeville scene at the end of the performance to keep the small audience interested and make it remain to the end.

NEW AMSTERDAM ROOF. "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic." Produced on October 2nd.

Nothing succeeds like success. The vogue of the New Amsterdam Roof being firmly established it should have been an easy matter to touch up last year's "Follies," but Flo Ziegfeld does not do business that way. New scenery he must have—that is where Joseph Urban came in. He must also have more pretty girls—that was a cinch.

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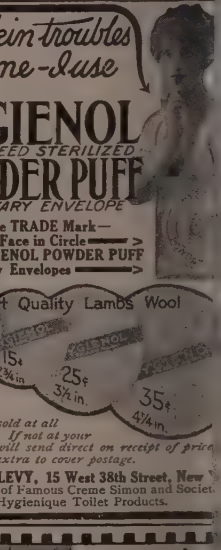

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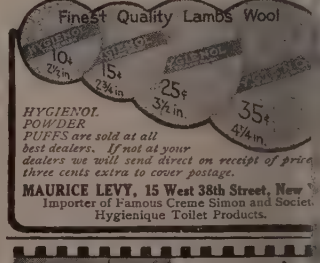

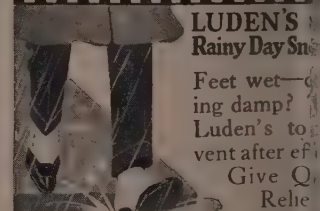

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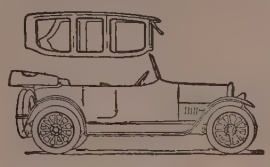

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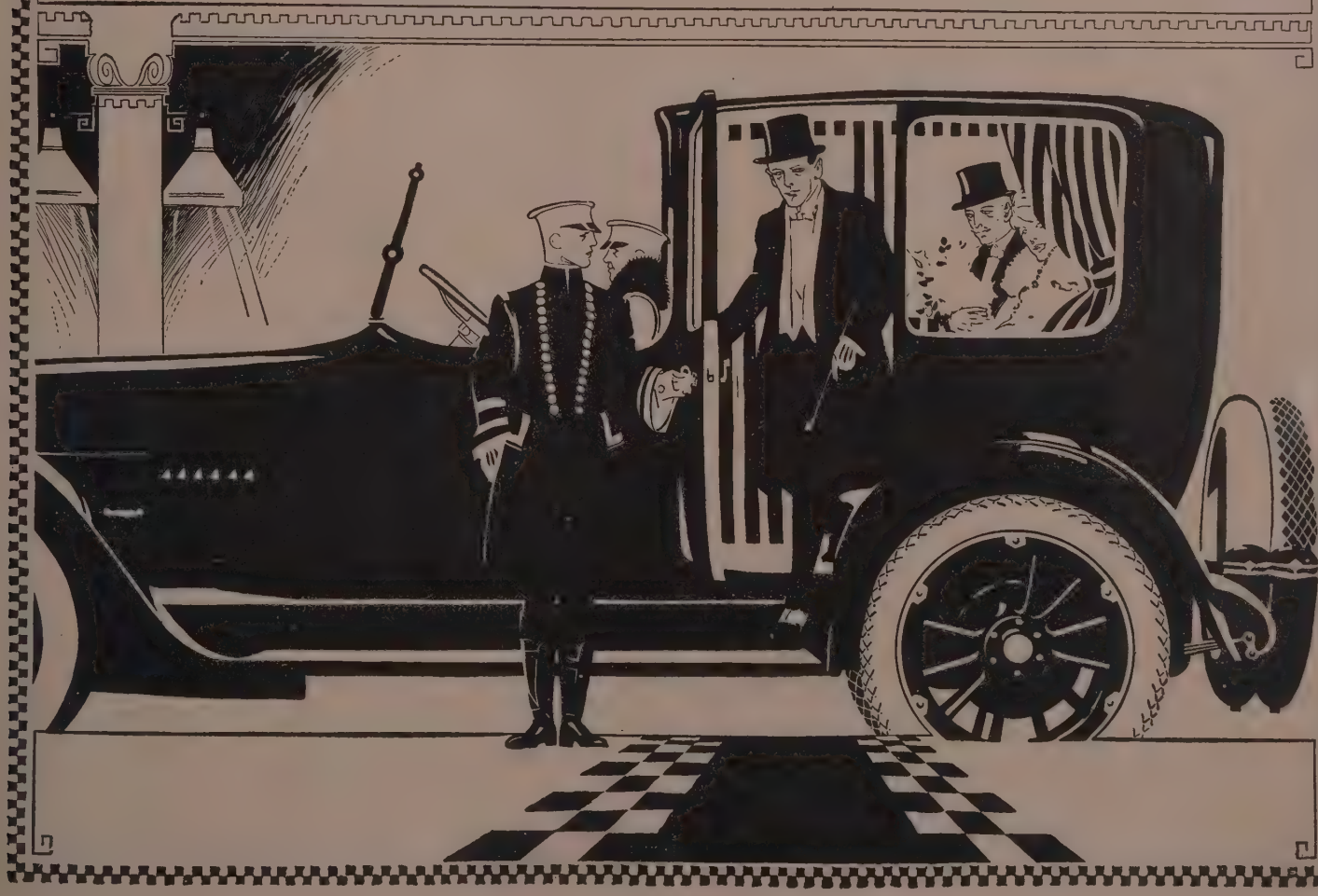

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METROPOLITAN OPENS

(Continued from page 344)

who was once a genius, is what he has often been called of late. But as a piece of descriptive writing "The Alps" is marvelous. The falling of the water of a cascade is pictured musically with extraordinary clearness and there is a description of a storm in the mountains, more realistic than anything of its kind ever attempted. Electric wind machines, and a new type of thunder machine in which cannon balls are rolled to produce the sound of the rolling of the thunder were employed for the first time here. However, though the melodies are sometimes lacking in originality Strauss has scored the symphony so skilfully and has interwoven his themes so cleverly that it always sounds well. It contains many passages of great beauty and undoubtedly it will be heard again.

Every year New York's music season adds a week or two to its length. This year it not only started early, but with opera, ballet and concerts, it began at mid-season speed. Without doubt New York is now the musical capital of the world.

Never has the deluge of concerts and recitals which annually comes early to avoid the competition of the Metropolitan been so heavy. Early concert givers included many of the great artists who have passed the zenith of their careers such as Teresa Carreno, Maud Powell and Ernestine Schumann-Heink ten years ago considered the greatest women pianist, violinist and concert singer. Then it has been a remarkable season for young artists—particularly for pianists. A few of the most promising newcomers in this class are Beryl Rubinstein, Mischa Levitzki, Robert Lortat, Lesta Donahue and Mary Nash. One violinist, young and attractive, Isolde Menges, has been added to the list of interesting players who appear here, and Anna Case, who has charmed Metropolitan opera patrons in the past disclosed unsuspected powers as an interpreter of song at her first song recital.

Of course, there have been many well-known names on the early concert programs. Of pianists there were Paderewski and Josef Hofmann, Harold Bauer, technically exact but not without temperament, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, poetic and temperamental but not without technique; John Powell, an American with a Latin temperament, and Percy Grainger, with golden locks of hair contrasting strangely with his manly playing. Fritz Kreisler, perfect violinist, and Efrem Zimbalist, younger, but nearly as proficient, have also been heard. Not many important song recitals have been heard this season, but at least Reinald Werrenrath and Alma Gluck have given exquisite pleasure to devotees of the vocal art.

WHY I AM A FIRST NIGHTER

(Continued from page 346)

the productions of to-day.

A delightful first-night I recall was "Orpheus and Eurydice," which opened at the Bijou Theatre on December 1, 1883, and had a "long run," until sometime in 1884. And that *was* a long run in those days. It was a typical old Rice company and the star was Pauline Hall—the original incomparable Pauline in those days. She was "Venus" and a decidedly good singer. I remember May Irwin, both when she was with Tony Pastor with her sister in a sketch called "A Rural Stroll," and later when she was with Augustin Daly, making her first appearance under his management in Pinero's "Boys and Girls."

Of course, Lillian Russell holds a high place in my collection of first-night memories. She is typically the American musical comedy star. There have been many beautiful women of the stage and many sweet singers and many wonderful actresses, but few ever combined these qualities so thoroughly as she.

I remember the "theatre talk" of those early days and the claim that it was Tony Pastor who suggested to her the name of "Lillian Russell." I have no reason to doubt it. I know that away back in '79 or the very early '80's she was getting what was then an enormous salary—fifty dollars a week for singing ballads in Tony Pastor's Theatre on Broadway opposite the old Niblo Gardens. I don't believe I've missed a first-night in which she has since figured.

But imagine her making a hit with *"Twickenham Ferry"* to-day. It was one of her "popular" songs in those days.

Unless you've been a first-nighter for a long while you cannot quite grasp the fun of it all. You cannot quite get to know the attractiveness of the hobby. You learn so many things every time that you don't quite expect. Not about stage-craft but about the luck that hovers closely about each production, sometimes to alight with a firm clutch and at other times to flit away without alighting at all.

Another feature of first-nighting is that you'll get acquainted, from seeing them across the footlights, with a lot of young players in minor parts and the first thing you know you see their names in four-foot electric letters. They've landed in stardom.

All these things make it worth while being a first-nighter.

There is, too, a pleasure in seeing old timers "come back." And I notice they generally come back with ease. It was Cohan who was responsible for the coming back, last year, of Harry Bulger and Richard Carle. This season Jimmy Powers and Anna Held have come back. Cyril Scott is another example of the triumphant return. If you are a first-nighter you never know whether they'll quite come back to good old form or not because it *is* the first-night.

SARAH BERNHARDT

(Continued from page 342)

Bernhardt and René Chavanc; "L'Holocaust," by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt; the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice"; "The Interrupted Dinner," and the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

Witnessing which, to the reverence which audiences feel for a supreme artist is added the homage paid to a woman of unconquerable soul. Inspired by her, W. E. Henley might have written his bugle call to dismayed souls.

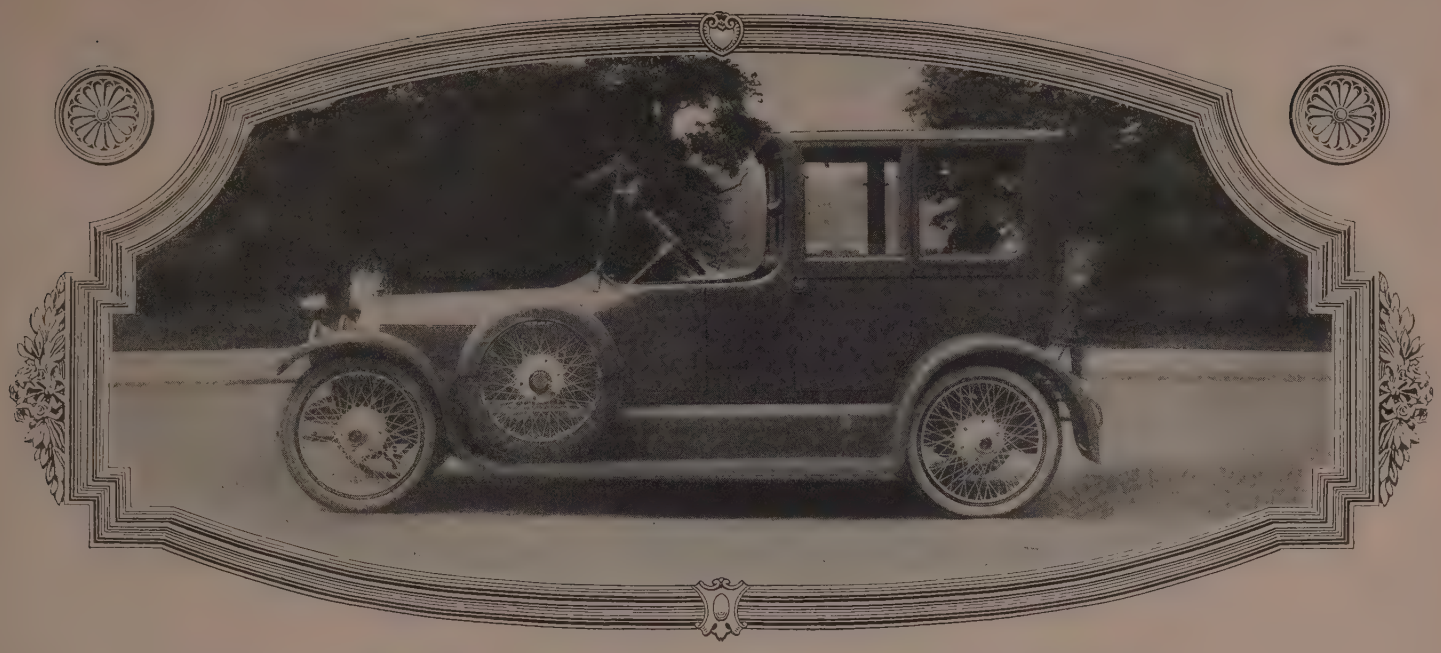
For that, without doubt, is the secret of Sarah Bernhardt's marvelous vitality and imperishable power. She has loved and been loved. She has ever had a keen appetite for the feast of life. But above all flame her invincible will, her dauntless courage.

"What would you have said had you really met a submarine?" I curiously asked her. "What Charles Frohman said when he went down with the *Lusitania*: 'Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life!'" The eyes like sea-waves in the sunlight reflected their admiration. "It was a great and beautiful sentiment," she responded. "I do not know what I might have said under the same circumstances. Whatever had come to me at the moment I would have said."

May I guess what would have been the last speech uttered by the voice that is still one of gold? It might well have been that splendid defiance of Henley's:

"I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul."

They would be the fitting farewell of a superwoman.



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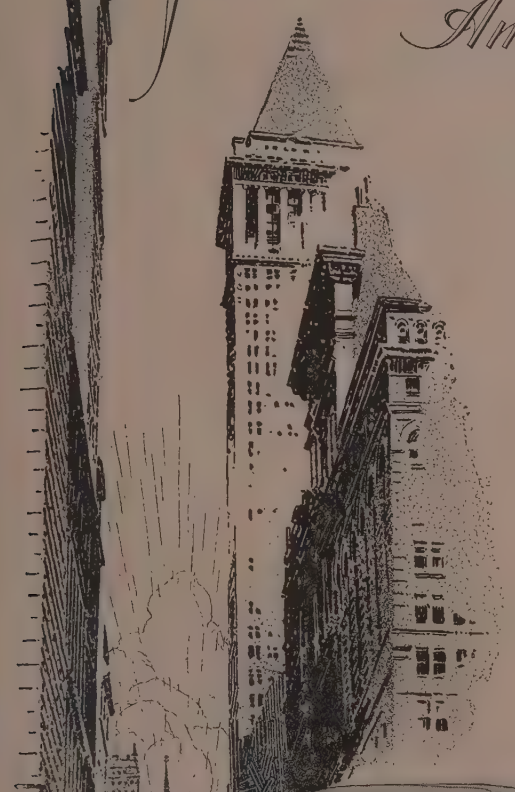

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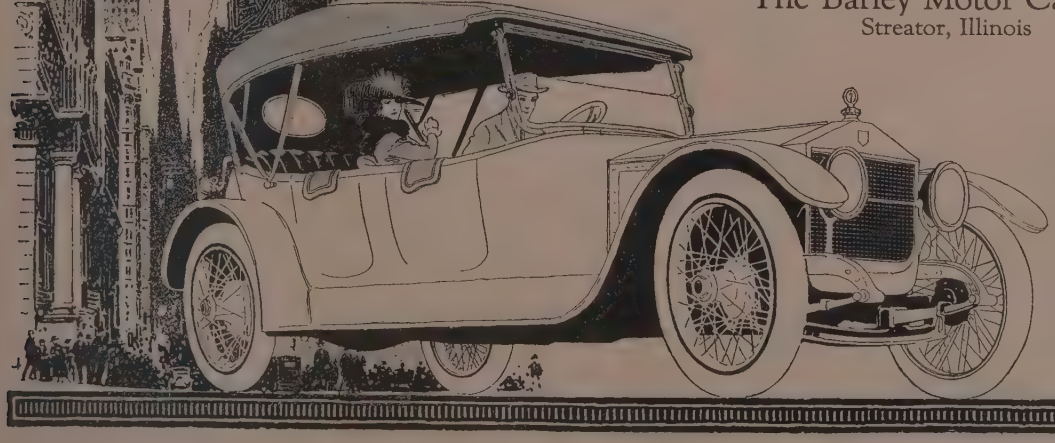

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ARLY Paris

Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

E. H. Fleming, San Francisco, Calif.—Q.—Will "His Bridal Night" go on tour? 2. Have you ever published a photograph of Eva Tanguay? If so, in what issue? 3. I understand "Robinson Crusoe" is on tour. Is it liable to reach San Francisco?

A.—It is at present on the road. 2. In our February, 1914, issue (price 35 cents) we published a small picture of Eva Tanguay with her pet cat; in our May, 1913, issue (price 85 cents) a small personal picture and an article entitled "Undone by a Song;" in our April, 1909, issue (price 50 cents) a small picture as Salome. 3. "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." is now touring the country, and it is probable that the company will appear in San Francisco.

Marjory Mask, New York City.—Q.—Where did Mary Nash study acting? 2. How did Elsie Ferguson begin her dramatic career? 3. What players, now appearing in New York City, have graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts?

A.—In 1901, Mary Nash entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, from which two years later she graduated. 2. Elsie Ferguson made her first appearance on the stage in the chorus of "The Belle of New York." She was next cast for "Liberty Belles," and after that appeared in "The Two Schools," "The Girl from Kays," and with Louis Mann in "The Second Fiddle" and "Julie Bonbon." 3. The following is a list of the players now appearing, or seen recently in New York, who are graduates of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts: Annette Westbay, "His Majesty Bunker Bean;" Emily Callaway, "Seven Chances;" Robert O'Connor, "Flora Bella;" Alice Lindahl, "Come Out of the Kitchen;" Philip Loeb, "Object—Matrimony;" Erskine Sanford, The Washington Square Players; Helen Westley, The Washington Square Players; Christine Norman, "Upstairs and Down;" Brandon Tynan, "Major Pendennis;" Edith Shayne, "Major Pendennis;" Richard Gordon, "The Flame;" George LeSoir, "The Flame;" Karl Dietz, "Arms and the Girl;" Felix Krembs, "Under Sentence;" E. G. Robinson, "Under Sentence;" Frank Morgan, "Under Sentence;" Grit fith Lusk, "The Music Master;" Frances Landy, "Mister Antonio;" Patterson McNutt, "Mister Antonio;" Jessie Crommette, "Mister Antonio;" Mary Nash, "The Man Who Came Back;" Leonard Brooke, "The Man Who Came Back," Lynn Starling, "Treasure Island;" Phoebe Foster, "The Cinderella Man;" Adrienne Bonnell, "Backfire;" Charles Canfield, "Fixing Sister."

Ione, Newark.—Q.—Please give the cast of "The Madcap Duchess" and tell when, where, and by whom it was produced.

A.—Charles B. Dillingham produced "The Madcap Duchess" at the Globe Theatre, on November 11, 1913, with the following cast: Renaud, Glenn Hall; Vidame de Bethune, Russell Powell; M de Secherat, Gilbert Clayton; Master Hardi, Robert Pitkin; Louis XV, Percy Helton; Philip of Orleans, Francis K. Lieb; Watteau, David Andrada; Duc de Pontsable, Edmund Mulcahy; Camillac, Henry Vincent; Adam, Herbert Ayling; Panache, Herman Holland; Stephanie, Josephine Whittell; Gillette, Peggy Wood; Seraphina, Ann Swinburne; Spaventa, Mario Rogati; Tartaglia, Alexander Gibson; Coraline, Virginia Carewe-Carvel; Zerbine, Virginia Allen.

L. W. H., Hartford.—Q.—Please give the addresses of the Moffett Studio, and the Hoover Art Company.

A.—Moffett Studio, 57 E. Congress St., Chicago, Ill; Hoover Art Co., 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Alice Browning, New York City.—Q.—In what year did Henrietta Crosman play, "All of a Sudden Peggy." 2. Have you ever published a picture of Mary Alden who appeared as the housekeeper in "The Birth of a Nation" and as Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts?" 3. Where is the Griffith Studio?"

A.—1907. 2. No. 3. Fine Arts Studio, Los Angeles, Calif.

L. P., Ft. Atkinson, Wis.—Q.—Please publish the cast of De Wolf Hopper's revival of "The Mikado" two years ago.

A.—The cast of the revival of "The Mikado" on April 21, 1913, was as follows: The Mikado, George J. MacFarlane; Nanki-Poo, Arthur Aldridge; Ko-Ko, De Wolf Hopper; Pooh-Bah, Arthur Cunningham; Yum-Yum, Gladys Caldwell, Pitti-Sing, Anna Wheaton; Peep-Bo, Louise Barthel; Katisha, Kate Condon

A. L. D.—Q.—Kindly tell me the birthplace of Laura Nelson Hall who played in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

A.—Philadelphia, Pa.

K.—Q.—Kindly tell me whether Else Adler of last season's "Around the Map" is not the same singer as Sari Petrass of this season's "Miss Springtime."

A.—No, they are not the same players, but Else Adler has succeeded Sari Petrass in the rôle of Rosika in "Miss Springtime."

'TIS THE LIFE

THE Dance Club at the Claridge, which in its two years of existence has grown to a membership of nearly eight hundred, resumed its nightly sessions early this month. The Club holds a most unique spot in Broadway life. Its "special nights" can usually be counted upon to provide a new thrill. The Claridge Grill sees supper dancing each night.

Ernest Hussar, director of the orchestra in the McAlpin Grill, with the assistance of Miss Amparito Farrar, soprano, is having a big success with his Sunday Night Concerts at the dinner hour. During the dancing from nine o'clock until the closing hour the Grill is one of the brightest spots in Manhattan. Managing Direcotr Lucius M. Boomer, whose genial personality has made these two hotels a rendezvous of the elite, promises a good many surprises during the coming season.

At the Biltmore Hotel, Maurice and Walton continue to draw a large attendance. If such a thing was possible, a S. R. O. sign could be displayed each night. Parties make reservations days ahead to secure tables.

The fact that the Vanderbilt is away from the beaten path does not seem to prevent society from meeting at the afternoon tea and dance, or at the supper dance in the Della Robbia Room. Miss Louise Prussing is in charge of the dances and Conrad's Orchestra played with its usual "pep."

Is there another place in New York that can boast of the Parisian atmosphere found at the Café des Beaux-Arts. Operatic stars, theatrical managers, playwrights, and bons vivants are found at the luncheon hour as well as at dinner time. The suppers are enlivened by the dancing of Ayda and Angelo Arboz.

Chez Fysher has been succeeded by Les Fleurs and the new restaurant promises to be even more successful than its predecessor. "The Meadowbrook" Orchestra provides excellent music, and the cuisine establishes the fact that Les Fleurs is the headquarters for epicures.

VICTOR RECORDS

Miss Farrar has selected for her December record one of the loveliest of the old Welsh airs, "All Through the Night," which probably dates from the eighteenth century. Miss Harrison has chosen a beautiful song, "Happy Days," by Strelezki, and sings it with charming expression. Mme. Gluck has revived an old ballad, "The Mother's Prayer," popular in the '50's and '60's, which she sings with effective pathos. Mr. McCormack gives Lilian Ray's beautiful song, "The Sunshine of Your Smile," which, duplicating its European vogue, is a tremendous success in America. Two charming classics are given by Mr. Zimbalist, "Menuet in G" and "Gavotte." Five double-faced dance records are offered for December, comprising three popular song medleys, two new musical production medleys; a record by a new organization, Joseph C. Smith and his orchestra, who are very popular with New York dancers, and several of the "Blue" hits which the West and South seem to have gone crazy over.

A fine list of current successes is offered, and every customer can find something to his taste. The popular songs include three numbers with a Hawaiian flavor, two of them with guitar and ukulele accompaniment; another "Pretty Baby" is issued in response to calls for a quartet version; two "geographical" or back home songs, featuring "Alabam'" and Virginia! several sentimental ballads and a comic number by the inimitable Billy Murray.

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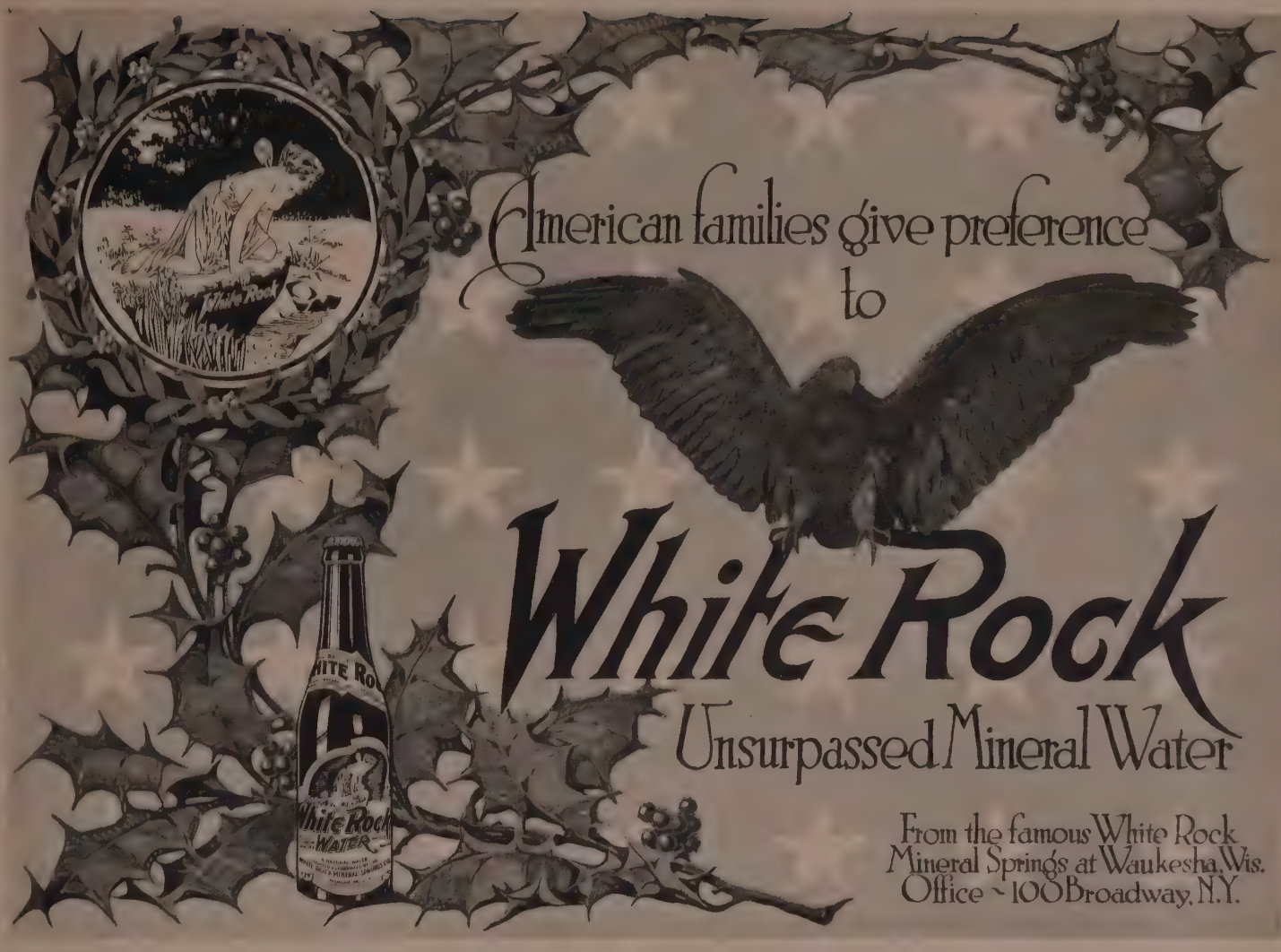

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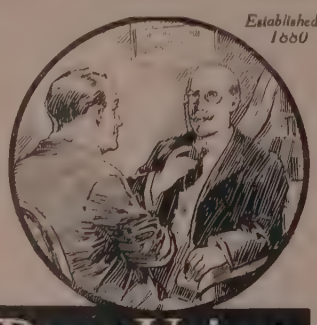

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(Continued from page 360)

such a thought was agreeable to him! And while Booth, Aldrich and Barrett were capital friends, I recall an evening in the Boston and Albany depot, in company with both Booth and Barrett—all of us just up from Cohasset—when we were attracted by a picture of Aldrich in the news stand, Barret began "rigging" Booth about his literary fellowships, asking him if they had ever seen him "out of his make-up of intangible verbiage"? This at first riled Booth, as well as amused Barrett; but the former ultimately smiled at his own loss of temper.

Everything from his childhood contributed to preclude possibility of Booth's ever-attaining distinction in letters. There are men so big that it harms their fame to overload it with unreal claims. I maintain that such is Booth's case. He was too great in gifts that the world received freely and faithfully to necessitate any beatification that he did not merit and which annoyed him much.

Booth had two rare gifts. He wrote fluent letters and conversed charmingly. In these dual traits he might impress one with being aboundingly educated. The real, natural Booth was essentially Bohemian, with a decided leaning to things recognized as commonplace.

His comrades in boyhood were youth far from intellectual. Two of his closest chums were afterward players like himself—John Sleeper Clarke (his brother-in-law) and Theodore Hamilton. He did not train in a brainy set and came under no particularly elevating influence. The family had a very hard time owing to the father's habits; the mother being often obliged to go in from Bel Air to the old Museum in Baltimore Street and collect her husband's salary a few hours before it was due, else the family would see none of it.

When Edwin should have been cultivating his mind he was supporting his father in tragedy, living the old man's Bohemian life, which he never forgot and never wholly abjured. He was, however, fond of books and loved to browse among them. He studied Shakespeare thoroughly and absorbed every commentary of repute thereupon; he knew the history of the stage well; he read widely and kept up with the news of the day.

That he loved books and was a diligent reader, the many volumes he left to the Players' Club bear silent witness. These books cover a wide range of subjects from the classics to works on modern science and philosophy and judging by the well-thumbed pages they have all been read. If it is conceded that Booth had a natural leaning towards books and considerable self culture, but no academic training and no pretensions whatever to scholarship, we have about arrived at the truth. Booth himself always regretted his lack of college training. In a letter written to his daughter in 1876 when she was at school he said:

"How often, oh, how often, have I imagined the delights of a collegiate education! What a world of never-ending interest lies open to the master of languages! The best translations cannot convey to us the strength and exquisite delicacy of thought in its native garb, and he to whom such books are shut flounders about in outer-darkness.

"I have suffered so much from the lack of that which my father could easily have given me in youth, and which he himself possessed, that I am all the more anxious you shall escape my punishment in that respect; that you may not, like me, dream of those advantages which others enjoy, through any lack of opportunity or neglect of mine. Therefore, learn to love your Latin, your French and your English grammar: standing firmly and securely on them you have a solid foothold in the field of literature."

The only grievance Booth ever had against one of his strongest admirers came forth one night: "He is fine until he begins to recite his dirges; but God deliver me from the vanity of poets!"

His primary conception of the Players' Club did not contemplate the scope wisely given it. He did not, could not, think along such vast lines. Others, more dreamy, more idealistic than he thought they knew what he desired, and have imparted to The Players' an altitude he could never have given it.

It reads well and sounds interesting to dilate on Edwin Booth as a man of mystery and a dreamer. But he wasn't. Far from it. He was just as plain and practical a fellow as ever lived. The public has acquired an entirely mistaken notion of him. His admirers aren't to blame, for they were imbued with what they earnestly desired should be his conceptions of its aims and motives. He acquiesced. Sick, feeble, sorely distraught by physical ills, conscious it must soon be over, he hadn't much argument for combat of policy.

For several years he was physically declining more rapidly than anyone was aware. The last time but one that I saw him I urged that he permit a certain physician highly proficient in his disorder to examine him. But he declined, saying that he knew what ailed him; that if he would abandon tobacco he might partially recoup at least. Then he refilled his pipe, solemnly shook his head, and lapsed into silence.

In one of the most declarative attitudes I ever knew Booth to take pertaining to his deficiencies in culture he said:

"We players have infamies enough to endure without being held up as marvels of learning and breadth of knowledge. Personally, I think it accomplishment enough to know our business sufficiently to command position as actors without being classed as scholarly Kembles and Macreadys; or posed as Forrest delighted to be posed, as marvels of literary absorption. Forrest prided himself that every volume in his library bore some penciled marginal notes proving—what? That he had read them all? Not a bit of it! Proving that he wanted to make such apparent. He had vanity in that direction that was coarse, because it is such a vanity as only a coarse nature can have. But some of us hate sham. Our very best is to play our parts and leave the rest to well—not to posterity to babble over how much or how little we knew otherwise. I say the biography of no actor is of any account unless he did enough good acting to make it worth while. Adhere to his acting, and let it go at that. Keep out all romance about his culture, scholarship and book learning; for the most of us haven't any."

I haven't a doubt the régime of The Players' met Booth's satisfaction even to the extent of being thankful to those who toned it up more highly than he would try to. He was quite ready to give his able allies in the formulation of The Players full credit, and deep down in his heart yearned to be exempt from harassing, confining themes of discussion into which they sought to draw him and from which he saw no possible avenue of escape. It is all very æsthetic, academic and artistic, entirely consonant with ideal club life, for The Players to have the standards it has; and Booth was very proud thereof, with the pride of one who listens to his only begotten delivering a class paper at graduation, with a mute chuckle over having been able to finance the thing.

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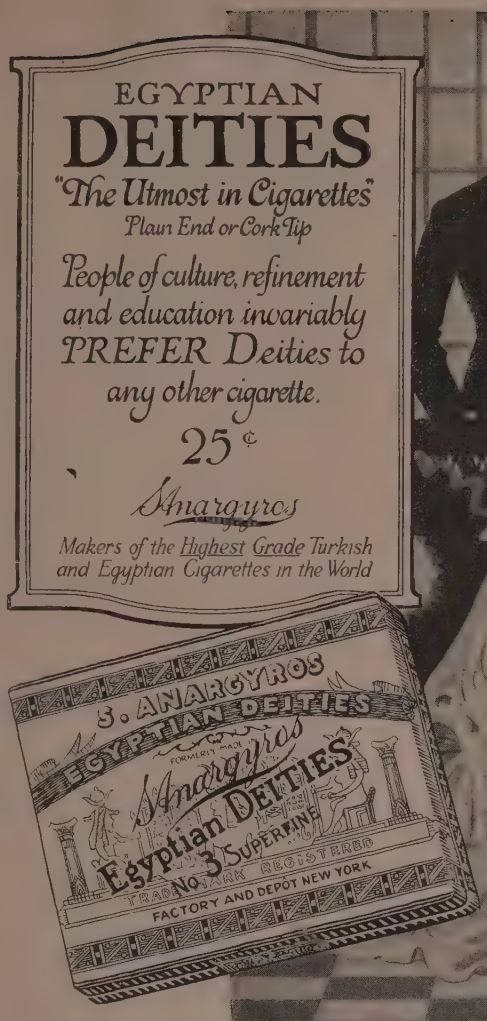

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A copy of Madame Rubinstein's booklet, "Beauty in the Making," will be sent on receipt of 2c stamp to cover postage.

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Mlle. Lola Beekman has been appointed to take charge of the Chicago Salon at 30 Michigan Ave., Michigan Boulevard Building. Mlle. Beekman until recently managed the Paris Maison de Beaute Valaze.

San Francisco: **Miss Ida Martin,** 177 Post St. and Grant Avenue.

Philadelphia: **Mme. Rose Schachman,** 2536 West Somerset Street.

New Orleans: **Mrs. C. V. Butler,** 8017 Zimple Street.

MOTHERHOOD AND ART

(*Continued from page 372*)

believe that these books weren't placed here because I knew you were coming."

The books comprised several plays by Aeschylus, two by Aristophanes, and a number of volumes of modern Russian masterpieces by Tchekof and Andriev. Crushed at such evidences of erudition, I meekly asked Miss Bates if she intended playing any of them this season.

"No, I don't," she said, "but the fact is that until the key of motherhood unlocked the gates of a wider, deeper human sympathy in my heart, I couldn't understand these things. Except as plays that it is one's duty to read, they meant nothing to me. Now I know that they give utterance to cries from the deep and from the heights, that they voice the cosmic sorrow, the universal joy. As a mother I feel that I could play Medea or Constance or Karen Vaslava or any of these rôles full of undertones that were locked from my girlhood."

At this moment entered William, Miss Bates' soft-footed butler, with tea and things. And promptly the serious apostle of motherhood became frivolous and Blanche Bates-y, the comédienne, rose to the surface.

"There's one thing more I'd like to say on the subject of art and maternity," she said, her articulation a little the worse for a toasted muffin, "and that is that I believe thoroughly in the modern mother. I believe in Montessori, and antiseptic nurseries, in scientific diets for children and all those things that the ideal mother of olden times knew nothing about. I am not keen for the brand of mother that is flung in our faces by writers who quote as the real thing the mother who made all her children's clothing by hand, who sewed and baked and brewed and made cheese and butter and milked the cows and scrubbed the floor, who washed and ironed and fed the chickens and counted the eggs and quilted the bed covers when she had an idle hour. You can't tell me that that mother was able to give the personal care to her children that is possible to the actress who slips through her days with easy hours of companionship with her little ones, and who is only separated from her brood during her evening hours at the theatre. No. Please write me down as one who believes the old-fashioned mother a bluff. Look at the very first mother on record! Unless I have been deceived she left her children to look after themselves while she fooled around with a serpent, and if one of her sons killed his brother as the Bible says he did, I can't help thinking that the neglect of the oldest of the old-fashioned mothers was really at fault. I am all for the modern mother—and if she is an actress, too, so much the better."

HOW I WRITE POPULAR PLAYS

(*Continued from page 364*)

I hunted up Ongley and we collaborated. I didn't believe in the play. I didn't care enough about it to go to Trenton to see it open. We had had nine weeks of rehearsals, because the play was being written while it was rehearsed. And to me it looked hopeless. I think I would know now that it had a chance. It had a funny story and the plus. The plus was Thompson's big sea scene. My wife went over to see it, but when I didn't get a wire from her I thought she hadn't the heart to tell me the cruel truth. When she got back she told me she had sent a boy with a telegram. The urchin must have spent the quarter. The first intimation I had that the play was a success was from the newspapers. It had a long run at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

I next did some work on Margaret Mayo's "Polly of the Circus." I hadn't any faith in it. I believed it was foredoomed. I told Mr. Thompson I had no faith in it.

"Want to sell out?" he asked.

"I'd sell out for five cents," I said. I was to have had a quarter of the proceeds for my work on it. Mr. Thompson paid me $2,500. It was mighty welcome. That play made a million. Thereafter I held on to my rights in a play. I nearly forgot that when we were "trying out" the last play. A manager offered to buy us out. "Let's sell," I said to my partner, John Golden. "All right," said Johnny, "if you say so. Only remember 'Polly of the Circus.'" And we held on. It's a great thing to pick the right kind of a partner.

Luck plays a big part in the success of a play.

What I learned as actor, stage director and as the manager of a theatre—I managed the Herald Square Theatre for the Shuberts—has doubtless been of incalculable help. There was a time when I took stock of myself and reasoned: "Seventy-five dollars a week, for a season of maybe twenty weeks, isn't much to look forward to. And you're not the kind of an actor that will become a star. The money made around the theatres is in plays. Handle plays and get a commission."

I hunted up ambitious playwrights who were starving to death and asked them to let me take their plays to managers. I did this without success. The only play that had any chance was Henry Blossom's "Checkers." Blossom couldn't get anyone to take it and agreed, if I could get it produced, that I should play the hero. I took it to Charles Frohman. Mr. Frohman said: "William Gillette is a friend of yours. Show it to him. If he believes in the play, I'll produce it." Mr. Gillette wanted to think well of the play, for he knew it meant a chance for me, but he couldn't. I took the play back to Mr. Blossom. Afterwards Kirke LeShelle made a fortune from it. I have a note from Mr. Gillette about it that I shall always keep. He said: "I am horrified at the success of 'Checkers,' but let us console ourselves with the thought that you would have been rotten in that part."

But reading all those plays and working at stage management, seeing what was wrong with plays I was producing, may have taught me the trick. Maybe through those experiences I may have acquired craftsmanship.

The audience has taught me what registers with it and what doesn't. It is my greatest collaborator.

RECENT BOOKS

WRECKAGE. By J. Hartley Manners. Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York.

Mr. Manners, whose "Peg o' My Heart" secured such popularity, gives us something in a much more serious vein in "Wreckage." The play concerns the drug habit. It covers the matter profoundly and effectively. The nature of the subject would not invite audiences, but the play in performance would be impressive.

QUINNEYS'. A comedy in four acts. By Horace Annesley Vachell. George H. Doran Co.: New York.

Based on the author's novel of the same name, this play was very successful in London and was found pleasing in New York. The very title of it suggests quaintness. The story itself is the old one of the love of a daughter with a poor young man combated by the father, but it is distinctively new in the telling and in the characters.

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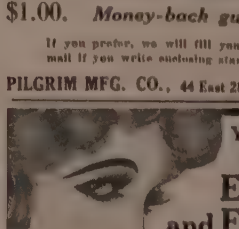

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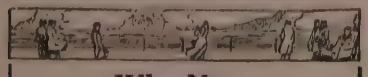

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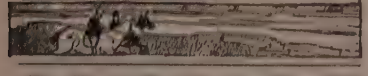

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EARLY AMERICAN PLAYGOING

(Continued from page 368)

yard had hooted and pippin-pelted the perfumed gallants on their stools. At Chapel Street the gods resented the intrusion of spectators on the stage and went so far on one occasion as to hurl the rotten egg of disapprobation at the foplings, much to the injury of their nice attire. It was in vain that Douglas offered a pistole reward for discovery of the offenders. Public feeling sided with the egg-throwers and the innovation had to be abandoned.

Between the methods of staging in old Colonial days and those of today there was a wide desparity. A hundred and fifty years ago the stage projected out considerably beyond the curtain line and was flanked on either side by a door through which the players made their entrances and exits. As box-sets were then unknown it was very rarely that an actor came on as now, in the scene. There is much to be said in favor of these permanent proscenium entrances, as evidenced by recent attempts at their revival by Granville Barker in Sunday special productions and at the Portmanteau Theatre.

In the old days every proscenium arch was adorned at the top by an individual symbolic device and a motto. When the new Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, was built in 1793, the arch was set off with an emblematic representation of "America encouraging the drama," with the motto: "The eagle suffers little birds to sing."

A few months earlier a remarkable riot had taken place at the Boston Theatre owing to legal proceedings against the players for violating the law prohibiting dramatic entertainments. On December 5, 1792, in the middle of the second act of "The School for Scandal," the sheriff put in an appearance and threatened to arrest everybody on the stage if the performance was not stopped. Immediately the whole house was up in arms. Amid strident cries of "go on" a goodly number of the audience leaped upon the stage, and, after tearing down the insignia of the State, contemptuously trampled them under foot. When one recalls the frequency of rioting in the old theatres it is not surprising to find that the orchestra partition was thoughtfully topped with spikes to deter raiders, and presented the aspect of a cheveux de frise.

For a considerable distance along the front of the stage ran a row of formidable footlights, technically known as "the float." These were ensconced in a narrow tin box and fronted by a board, so as to prevent the light from dazzling and distracting the spectators' eyes. Whatever the objection to the footlights of to-day—and they have many bitter opponents—the float of old Colonial times was quite indispensable. Without them and their rude mechanism it would have been impossible to procure a dark scene.

It needs to bear in mind that before the era of gas-lighting, the auditorium, once fully lit, remained in full blaze until the close of the performance. Hence in the old days the only means of suggesting a dark scene was by lowering the tin box holding the footlights beneath the stage, an operation effected by cords and counterweights. The prompter in the wing rang a bell to the stage hand in the cellar and the thing was done. Another bell and the float ascended to its old place. Which reminds us that the eighteenth century prompter was a much more important official than the prompter of to-day. Not only had he to be ready at all moments to give the actor the word, but he had to summon up the musicians, ring up the curtain, see to the changes of scenery, the working of the traps and the rolling of the thunder. Most of his messages were conveyed by bell-pulls but he was also armed with a whistle to notify the stage hands when to shift the flats, wings and borders, which, together with a few drops, then comprised the scenery.

Several curious conventions obtained in the old days which, if revived to-day would give rise to Gargantuan laughter. When the business of the stage demanded that the chief tragedian should die, two stage hands walked on with a carpet and spread it on the boards, so that when he fell he would not soil his fine clothes. As Oliver Goldsmith pointed out in "The Citizen of the World" this custom gave the show away to the seasoned play-goer by clearly foreshadowing what was to follow. Interior scenes in those days were not littered with furniture as now and repose was little sought after. In America, as in England, a convention of bustle and restlessness obtained. Both in tragedy and in comedy the old actresses wore hooped petticoats, and, after making a speech they walked across the stage and changed sides with the performer who was to speak next, thus permitting him or her "to get into the focus," as the term went. Audiences were equally hearty and unconstrained in their praise or blame. They knew how to applaud and they did not hesitate, when occasion required, to hiss. But no eighteenth century player was ever honored with a curtain call. The custom of calling authors and actors first originated in France, but was slow in reaching English speaking countries. Although Voltaire had received the then unique distinction on the production of "Merope" in Paris in 1743, no author received a call in England until 1788. There, however, the practice did not become regular until about 1839, when it was usual for the recipient to bow his acknowledgments from a stage box. In London calling actors was unknown before 1827 and even then the innovation was slow in making progress. It was looked upon as a French trick and despised accordingly. Edmund Kean cordially disliked it and, on occasion, refused to comply with the demand. *Autre temps, autre mœurs!*

COLUMBIA RECORDS

A decided trend toward better things in the public taste for music is reflected in the latest issue of Columbia Records, always a faithful index to what the public wants.

The section of this issue usually classified as "popular" is outweighed by really notable offerings by artists ranked as the greatest in far different fields. One outstanding example is the new interpretation of "La Donna e Mobile," by Rubini's successor to the crown of World-Tenor; Lazaro, who also sings the beautiful "Recondita Harmonia" from Puccini's masterpiece, "La Tosca."

Among the other world-famed vocalists, Sembach, greatest of German tenors, sings "Walther's Preislied," and "Lohengrin's Farewell"; Leon Rothier, the Metropolitan basso, renders Marcello's great air from "Les Huguenots"; Henri Scott sings the great Faust basso aria; Lucy Gates puts new beauty in two coloratura airs; and Graham Marr, America's foremost baritone, sings two long-famous drinking songs. The first recordings of the Musical Art Society of New York, under the direction of Dr. Damrosch, are also of considerable musical interest.

There is also a well-selected assortment of appropriate Christmas records, and an unusual number of novelties, including records in native Gaelic, children's story records, and marimba and accordion music. *Advt.*

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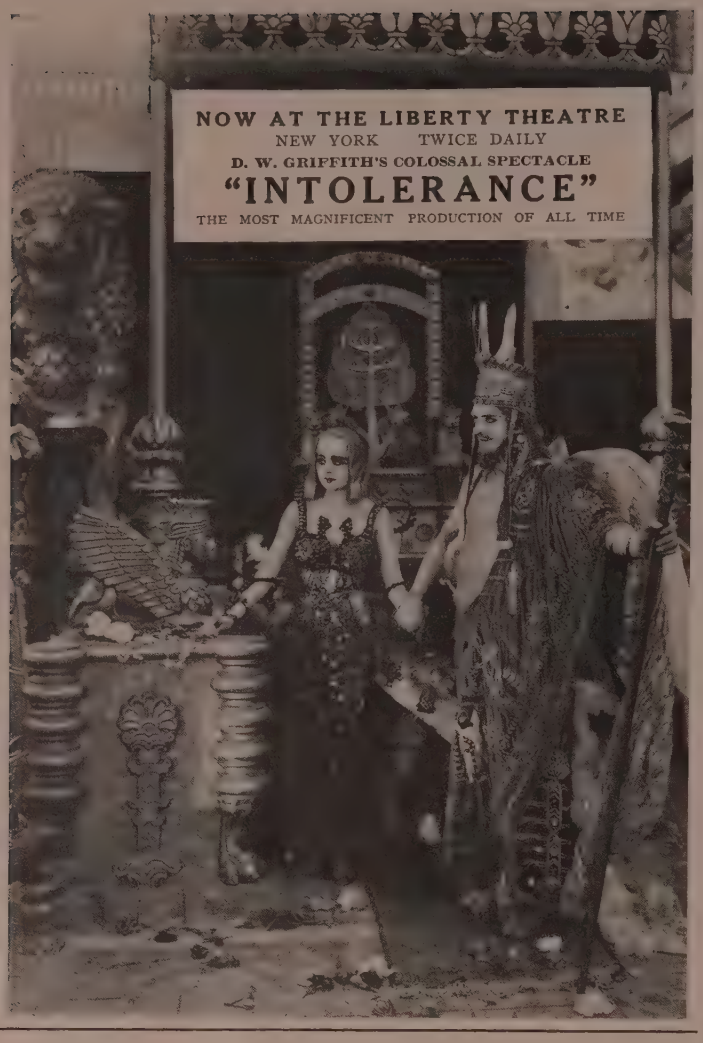
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THE ACTRESS OF TO-MORROW

(*Continued from page 366*)

eighteenth century can be better than those of Watteau, Lancret, Greuze, and Fragonard? Those actresses who play 'les grandes coquettes' will have Gainsborough to dress them, and to teach them, too, the haughty and disdainful pose which fits their part.

"There are mouths which an actress must see before she can give expression with genius and with success to terror, grief, joy, prayer and love. There are hands which an actress must see to realize what fingers can and must be able to express. Art has all arts for its servants, and the inspiration comes from nature, color, from sonorous sound, from marble, and from everything. And that is why the time will come when our stage-craft will require from its apostles a cultivated and a solid art basis.

"Ignorant enthusiasts, of course, learn little by little as they go on producing, but the actress of to-morrow will be spared this additional fatigue and loss of time during her creative period, for it is then that she will have need of all her physical strength. The actress of to-morrow—and this will be one of her greatest victories—will be no mere doll woman to pander to desire. She will not have to struggle any longer against doubtful prejudice and against social offence. Serious books will have taught her morally, and the simplicity of her attitude will defend her against all attack upon her private sentiments. In her the woman will disappear, yielding her throne, a throne which this time will be respected, to the High Priestess of Expression, Priestess of Noble Thought, and her efforts will not be without effect upon her wisdom, for much reading of the works of the philosophers will have freed her from exaggerated ambitions and puerile vanities. She will pay more attention to the appearance of her soul than to that of her face. When abroad, she will cleanse her heart of grease paint, as well as her mouth and lips. She will love glory as she will love health, neither more or less, with a calm and a wise heart. In the hour of the dusk and the silence she will strengthen her hope of a love which shall be honorable and safe, for the actress of to-morrow, having a better education and knowing more, will be a better woman. The horizon of her desires and her duties will be far beyond the footlights which burn and blind her. The glitter of the spangles of the actress of to-day will be dulled in the case of the actress of to-morrow, whose taste will be more chastened and refined, and for whom the stage will be the glorious complement of the life of a wife and of a mother. With Marcus Aurelius as her counsellor, she will know how to drop her last curtesy to Glory, and, as Ecclesiastes has taught her that happiness consist in living happily with the culture and brains of the object of her love, the actress of to-morrow will be a woman of culture and brains—not a frivolous, empty-headed doll."

WHAT SANTA OUGHT TO PUT IN OUR STOCKINGS

(*Continued from page 352*)

my own profession, I am sorry to say, hold this opinion. Nothing is further from the truth. The classics were written for the people and they should always be for the people.

When Sophocles wrote his plays more than two thousand years ago he did it to entertain the people of Athens. The Elizabethan dramatists wrote to entertain, and when their plays are produced they should always be regarded from that angle.

Unfortunately the size of the stage limits the possibilities for pageantry. When "As You Like It" was produced in St. Louis last spring the stage was unlimited and I believe that for the first time the wrestling scene was given as Shakespeare pictured it when he wrote the play. Instead of ten or a dozen retainers coming in and grouping themselves about the stage, we had hundreds of people, each representing the varied characters to be found about a Ducal manor. When this large crowd was grouped ready for the wrestling match the audience thoroughly appreciated the "atmosphere" and it all seemed very real to them—which is the dramatic art at the nth power. That the people of St. Louis enjoyed it there can be no doubt. Twenty-one thousand was the attendance at one performance.

It is not necessary for me to write of scenic and lighting effects, for we are fortunate indeed to have absolute masters of that art to-day. During the last few years our stage sets have been growing better and because they have been growing simpler.

Let the managers give the theatre-goers for a Christmas present—to last all time—more all-American plays, American plays by American authors, and not forgetting enough of the classics. Let the managers give you people who sit "out front" first-class repertoire theatres and it will be a most worthy gift.

THE VARIETY STAGE

(*Continued from page 370*)

duces him in his familiar garb. A confederate disguised as a burglar helps to disabuse his domineering wife of the idea that woman's rights in the home are predominant to the manifest delight of the male portion of the audience.

The facility with which Ralph Herz dons and doffs the mantles of the vaudeville, musical comedy, dramatic and moving picture actors is making him the champion lightning change artist of the stage and screen. Just about the time a monthly publication like THE THEATRE, which goes to press several weeks in advance of the date of publication, arrives on the stands with some comment on his activities he is appearing in another line of theatrical endeavor entirely. When these lines were indited he had just made a most successful appearance in a tabloid comedy drama called "Where There's a Will," by Edgar Allan Woolf, and it is the earnest wish of the writer that Mr. Herz may hold his adventurous spirit in restraint long enough to be continuing in variety when this commentary sees the light of printer's ink. Should he be visible to two-a-day patrons at that time, I should urge the gentle reader to catch his performance, not so much because it is well worth while but because a man of such chameleon-like characteristics must be caught on the fly or he won't be caught at all.

Of course Belle Story is not new to vaudeville, still she comes under the classification of the new acts having recently made her reappearance at the Colonial in a singing specialty calculated to display her w. k. vocal abilities at their best. The late prima donna of the Hippodrome enjoyed the satisfaction of registering one of the biggest hits scored by a "single" woman entertainer in a long time.

After a run of six weeks at the Palace during which time they became the most talked of dancing spectable in the varieties, the Marion Morgan Dancers were forced to make their departure because of the insistence of out-of-town managers holding contracts prior to their Broadway début. Had it been possible to assuage the demands of the booking agents, it is quite likely that Miss Morgan's agile aggregation of dance pantomimists would still be drawing the crowds to the Palace.

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SHOW GIRLS YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

(Continued from page 362)

have given them an air of refinement and a knowledge of good grammar.

Only a man who remembers how he struggled to hire the great big, curveful woman, built like a heroic statue of Hebe, and now seeks the refined, appealing, womanly-woman type of fair singer, good dancer and intelligent speaker, can understand the great difference between the show girls of yesterday and to-day.

And so now if my fair young applicant is a normal-sized young woman with a musical ear, graceful dancing steps, small trim ankles, small and pretty neck, I tell her to report for rehearsals, quite certain that she will prove attractive before the footlights.

It was some great French writer, perhaps Maupassant, who had a story of a bored man-about-town who was tired to death of looking at the women. Their startlingly daring gowns, their high kicking, their unbelievably low-cut corsage, all bored him to death. And then one day he chanced to see a neat little woman with a dark dress cut with a high collar up to her ears, sleeves to her wrists, skirts to her shoe-tips, and Mr. Bored Man-About-Town fell madly in love with her!

I believe that's the psychology of it to-day. Audiences like to have their show girls appear like real young women they might meet at any gathering, party, reception or dance. They know full well that big curveful women going about in fleshlings and carrying a tin spear are no more natural than seeing a wart hog parading down Fifth Avenue carrying a pink sunshade. Reality is the thing that appeals to-day. All this change was gradual, of course. If, fifteen years ago, I had tried to put over a show with a group of show girls in real dresses, walking and talking and singing quite naturally, the people would not have stood for it.

But I am glad to say that they wouldn't stand for the old-time show girl to-day, and I am rather proud to think I had a share in bringing this change about.

I wanted something different than this eternal background of stiff rows of show-girls, marching, countermarching, wheeling, reforming and singing (?) about as stiffly as they marched. I wanted a group of girls that would appear natural and attractive, that would stand out in their share of the performance just as clearly and prominently as the solo dancer and solo singer.

At that time I was working with Klaw and Erlanger and with Mr. Erlanger's help I started a free school for chorus girls. As far as I know it was the first of its kind.

For the really clever and attractive show girls of now, $40 is only a fair wage and many get more. I know one who gets $50 a week right along because she's about the daintiest and prettiest young woman in the show girl business. Back fifteen years ago $15 a week for New York work and $18 when on the road, was the universal price.

Not long ago a woman said to me, "Isn't it awful, Mr. Wayburn, about the morals of the show girls!"

"You bet it is awful," I told her, "Why, these show girls are getting so moral they won't associate with an unprofessional young woman until they first make sure she's of good morals and good family."

As a matter of real, hard-pan fact, the morality of the show girl was never higher than now.

The old-time show girls were just like the old-time girls not on the stage, just like the present-day girls not on the stage.

Some are good and some are—otherwise.

MY PERILS IN THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 348)

home and take a nap. It will come back."

It did. The next day I was ready for the crocodiles and it was my husband's turn to stay at home.

We had been tempted to fake those crocodiles. We had even tried, for as someone among the workers said: "It's all right to be brave, but why be foolhardy?" But the fake crocodiles were patent fakes. The sophisticated audience would have laughed at them. I was so earnest about that picture that I would really rather have died than heard a laugh at it. We resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means as to how to make the crocodiles as little dangerous as possible.

A native cheered us a little by saying: "Not so cross as they look. When they come up and open their mouths it is not always to eat. Sometimes it is for air."

A genius among us suggested: "Feed them well just before she goes in." "Not just before," objected another. "Immediately after eating we sometimes want to eat more. It is while our food is digesting that we are not hungry. Crocodiles are like us in that respect." This we all regarded as an inspiration. An hour before the Sultan's decree: "Throw her to the crocodiles," was obeyed, the reptiles were heartily fed. I must do them justice. They did me no harm, nor seemed disposed to, though those open mouths a foot away from me were terrifving.

It will surprise you to learn that my greatest peril came not by sea but land. I had to mount a horse and lead my army of gnomes and elves against the Sultan's army. The road leads along a precipice. It was while holding this picture that something happened that turned my heart to ice. My horse had settled back slightly, as it seemed, but a backward glance showed that his hind feet went slipping over the cliff. A man started toward the bridle. "Don't do anything," I whispered. "We must depend upon the horse." Wild gestures were made to me to jump from the horse. Another glance over my shoulder assured me that I dared not make the leap. I was too close to the edge of the precipice. There was but one chance in a hundred. We must not alarm the horse. Those seconds were like centuries. On that hillside, in silence, I bent my head and prayed. My safety depended upon the nerves of the horse that was bearing me. I was at the mercy of any sudden sound. A gun shot, a shout from a native in the woods, and I would have been crushed on the rocks hundreds of feet below. With silent lips and taut nerves I waited. The big equine muscles beneath the saddle quivered. The horse breathed hard. The horse's nerves telegraphed their message to mine. Slowly he was drawing his hind hoofs forward to firmer ground. Another effort and he pressed his body forward. I was safe, but I had grazed the shoulder of death.

Recalling the fearful beating the waves gave me that morning on the reefs; realizing what would surely have happened had my dive been deflected three inches by change of wind or miscalculation from that ninety-five feet high tower; with chilling knowledge of how and where my body would have been found had that marvelous horse had less equine sense—I know now to the full what "horse sense" means; I vow that I will never again do a picture.

But Mr. Fox has been talking to me about another. And he was the first manager who lent an ear to my idea of a fairy story in pictures. I think and feel "Never again." But we will see.

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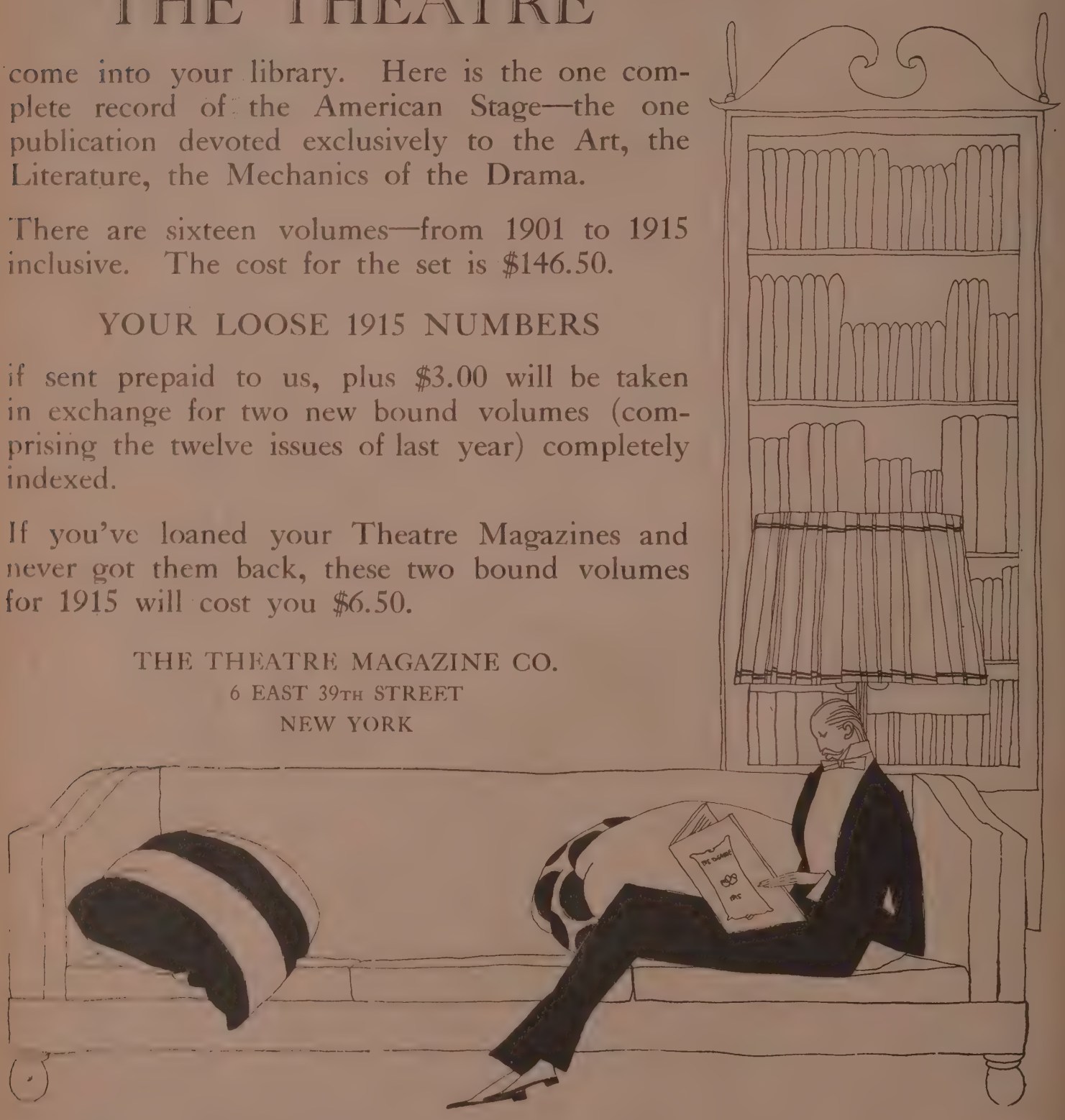

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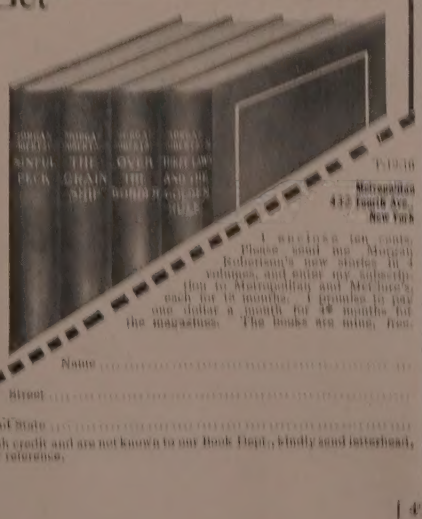

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The fox-trot of 1916

Scribner's Magazine for Christmas

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Spanish girls of Seville dancing the *malagueña*

The Dance

IN THE swinging, rhythmic grace of its dancers Spain portrays its characteristics—just as every tribe and nation since the world began has expressed its emotions more truly in dancing than in any other art—just as we Americans do in the fox-trot of 1916.

And in the Christmas Scribner's W. T. Benda has eight stunning paintings and a most entertaining article on the dances of centuries.

You will want to see these pictures and to discuss them with your friends. You will want the *nine* short stories, with intelligent, diverting plots about real people, in this same number. One of them is "Grandfather," by James Whitcomb Riley—a quaint fragment of a character sketch revised by Riley not long before his death.

Month after month comes excellent fiction in this richly made magazine. And, really, you have to choose your stories with care in these days of so much mediocrity. Are you seeing Scribner's regularly? By the year it is $3, or for four months, $1. By sending your check now you get this notable Christmas number as your first.

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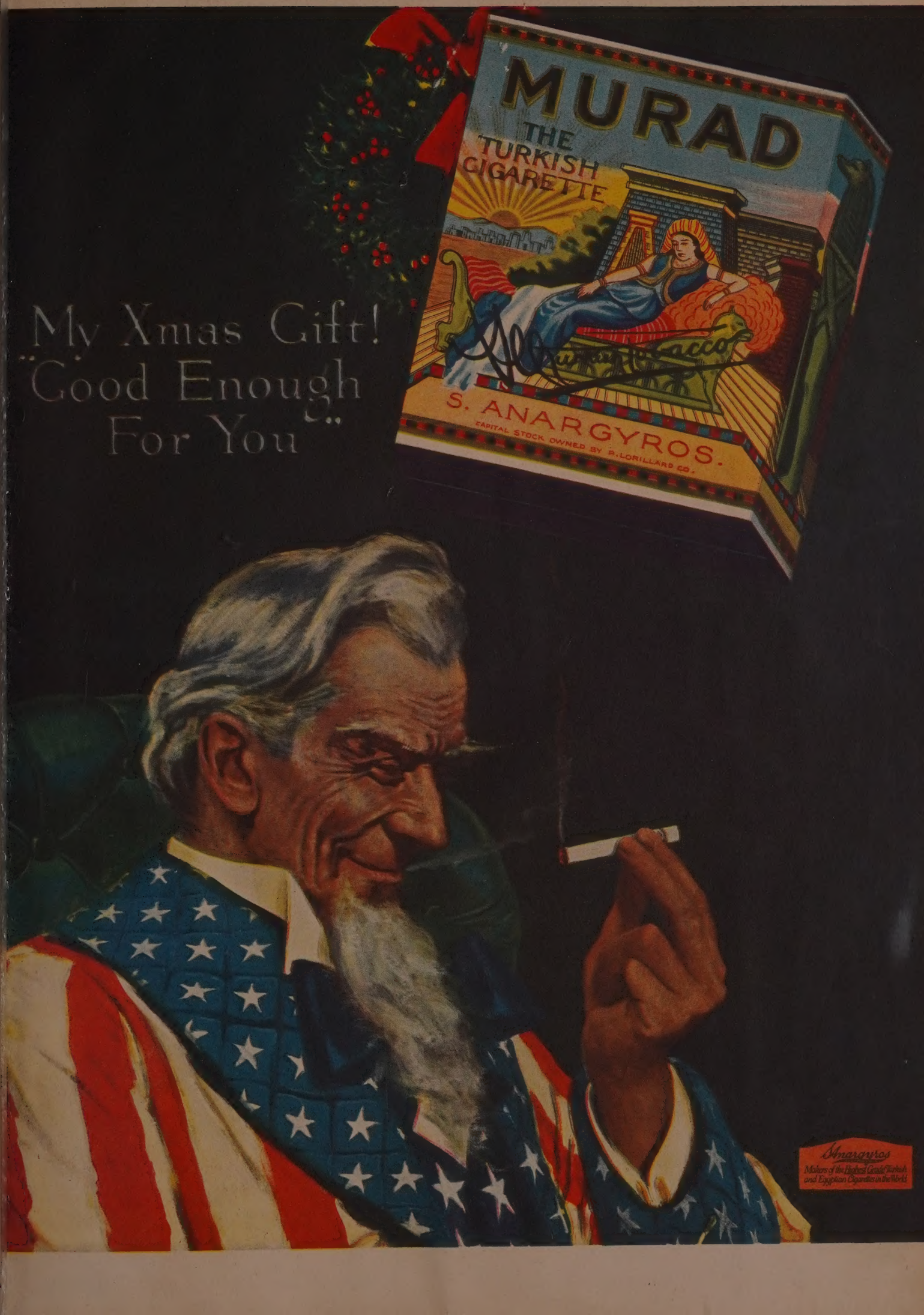
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Nothing else will bring so much pleasure to your family and friends all the year round.

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